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LONG GONE: A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

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LETTERS

Keep It Rough

Aaahhh. The June issue just arrived. My coverto-cover, monthly reading fix is here. I don't think I'll ever feel much different about your mag.

But...it's slippery now. So what if you couldn't publish some photos? Find a different kind of ink! The new paper is not an improvement. You lost some of the innocent amateurishness of format that is part of your appeal.

I feel I would enjoy drinking Dos Equis with you guys on the top of Rincon Peak. But that was with rough paper. Now, I'm afraid I'd have to buy you Scotch at one of the plastic watering holes on the

Rough is okay, even with less pictures. We're not wiping with it out here! We're keeping all the back issues, so our grandkids can look back at Tucson twenty years from now. (P.S. My parents saved Geographic starting in 1946.)

Ricardo Small

Developers are 'Them,' Not 'Us'

Words inform and words persuade. In the [May] article entitled "D-Day in the Last Foothills, the following headline was highlighted: "We've carved up the Catalinas, the Tucsons and the Tortolitas. Look out Rincons, here we come." The use of the pronoun "we" does not inform and it may persuade readers that something that is inevitable is not. The appropriate pronoun to be used in that statement is "they." Developers are not my elected representatives.

One of my friends has formulated the slogan "No Dozers" for the Sonoran Desert. The slogan rings true to me, Developers use dozers. People use shovels. Let's vote anti-dozers.

Linda Swisher

A Town of San Xaviers Would **Be Gross Too**

We three native (genuine, honest!) Tucson in don't want to miss a single issue. Since the major income-earner (me) has a job dependent on that dreaded word GROWTH (sort of—I am an architect Infill and rehab is good...but I suppose not in Mrs. Shattuck's neighborhood), I'm sort of tight on bucks...so only one-year renewal.

Loved the issue on architecture, even though Cheek never has an answer to what good Tucson architecture is/should be—a town of San Xaviers is pretty gross too!

Ty Morrison

A Vote Against 'Brew' as Coverboy

I hate your [June] cover—ugh! Mrs. W.B. McKenna

Byrd, Please Don't Fly

I've been meaning for some time to write and you guys know what I think of you and your make zine. You must be native geniuses to produce such consistently excellent publication. You have it original concept, a tasteful design, and your edit rial vision is dead center—this town finally has strong, clear voice saying with the courage of a

viction where we ought to be headed in the headlong plunge of growth and "progress." City Magazine is in fact a better effort than this town, as it is, deserves. Probably what comes of being led by an iguana.

While all of your regular contributors add to the savor of the magazine, particularly Norma Coile's insights into local and regional politics and Bettina Single's metamorphic illustrations, the column that always gets first glance in this house is Byrd Baylor's. Her effortlessly clear prose never fails to stir the mind with the gravity of the situation; her light-hearted twist on it never fails to make us smile at the absurdity, the beauty of the world.

You can imagine my delight to find Byrd's discourse on appropriate western attire in the June issue. Like the long-awaited first cloudburst thunderstorm of the summer, her reappearance is even more glorious than we'd remembered it could possibly be—exhilarating, joyous, enlightening, playful, all with that deadly serious tinge on the edges. Great stuff.

I know that as a professional writer, she must be free of the restriction of an externally imposed schedule; nevertheless I do hope she can be convinced not to take another vacation from writing for *City Magazine*. At least, not too soon.

Paul A. Veverka

Breaking Her Celtic Heart

Dear Molly McKasson,

...It is ironic you could attempt to talk of the Celts and label the article "Arts" [May issue]. Thomas D'Arcy McGee wrote in his poem, "The Celts":

O, inspired giant, shall we e'eer behold In our own time
One fit to speak your spirit on the wold
Or seize your rhyme?
One pupil of the past, as mighty souled
As in the prime
Were the fond, fair and beautiful and bold
They of your song sublime!

We are not fit to speak of the Celts. It breaks my Celtic heart to read of Scott Egan in an article about our Celtic culture. The Irish community knows Scott Egan, and would never categorise him as a "Liberator/Poet." It is hard for us who are Celtic to the core to have our beliefs brought to the lowest level by linking our love of homeland to the personalized aggrandizement of Scott Egan. Due to Egan's need for publicity and his duplicity in recording and broadcasting phone conversations, "the Irish cause" has been bruised and made dirty. A true Celt reports on the 1,000th anniversary of Dublin's fair city, and Egan, a pseudo bog man, reports the events in Belfast under the guise of Irish news.

We thank you for your kindness in reporting about our Celtic culture, and ask you make good your promise to tell of "the dozen more Celtic tales in town." Be so kind as to see us again. We are a noble race of dignity and pride. Try to see us for what we are.

Angela Foley

We love to hear from you, whether to compliment or complain. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and clarity. Sign your letters and include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to City Magazine, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.

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HOWDY



Howdy,

Pardon my glare. No, not my paper, my eyes. Sometimes this business even makes a lizard's head hurt. First, they used to tell me, "Iggy, your magazine stinks!" And, man, that was a stake in my cold heart until I realized they were not referring to the savage prose unleashed within—at least most of the time—but to the ink. The ink smelled funny. Some humans were allergic to it.

So, we got rid of the stinky ink when we went to a coated paper—but we're still messin' around until we get it right. All we want to give you is a good, unpredictable read, while giving our advertisers and photographers a good, predictable showcase.

Anyway, it's too hot here to think about this stuff now. Go read this rag down at Patagonia Lake. Maybe rent a boat. You know, there are coves there so private that I saw humans swimming in just their skins. That's not so strange to me, but it must make the crappies bite better, because the women suddenly started drawing an armada of fishing boats.

And I heard of some teenagers with a novel way of being cool. They sat or ice blocks and had cold, wet sliding races down hills. Unfortunately, they did it at a golf course and got busted. But, damn, it sounds like fun...

Iggy

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All available back issues can be obtained at Bookman's, Arizona's largest bookstore. 1930 East Grant Road, at Campbell. 325-5767.

Who Says August Can't Be Cool?



China's Rivie

How about cool cars? Check out those gleaming low riders our town is famous for. Or if you prefer your metal hot, dig the Scorpions. And if you're really into sweat in August, there's the truck and tractor pull. We may be called the Convention Center, but we're still the center of the community. And we don't take off for San Diego in the summer.

Tucson Convention Center

The Center of Attention

August Highlights

Aug. 5 Scorpions Concert

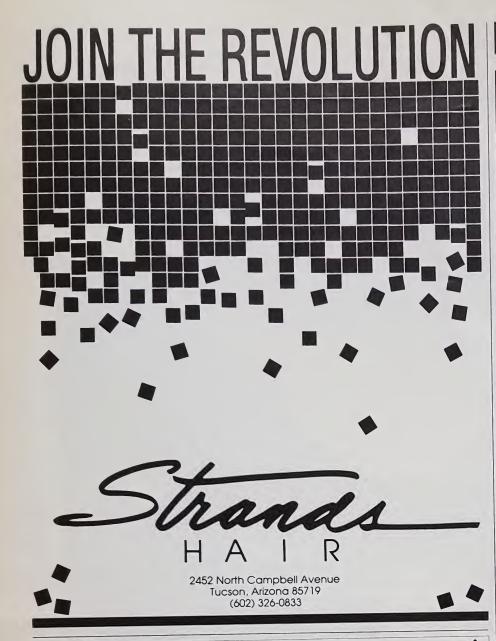
Aug. 11Teen Challenge of Tucson

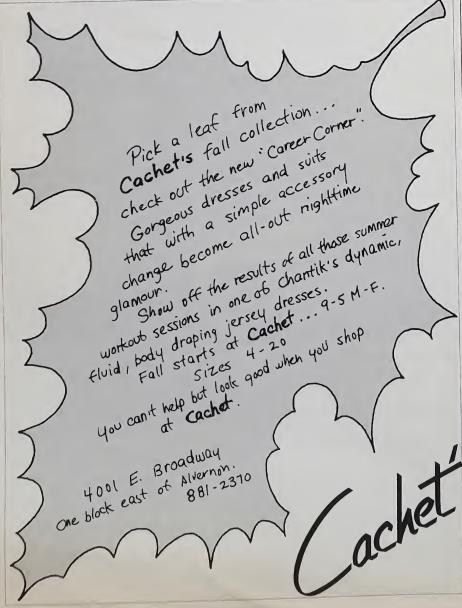
Aug. 19 & 20 Truck and Tractor Pull

Aug. 10 Bobcat Goldthwait Concert

Aug. 12 & 13 Women's Council of Realtors

Aug. 28Low Rider Car Show





WHERE TO HOWL

IT'S A DATE!

(But you gotta be on time!)

If you want an event, program etc. listed in Where to Howl, information must be submitted in writing six weeks before the first day of the month of publication (for instance, by May 18 for a July listing). Choice and Where to Howl are a selective guide by City Magazine. Mail to Laura Greenberg, Calendar Editor, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718. 293-1801.

WALLAL EVENTS

Art Classes

Through Aug.1-18
What's hotter than asphalt in

summer? According to the Tucson Museum of Art, their art classes are. A full range of adult and children's instruction is offered. Pre-registration required. Info, 884-8673.

Brain Waves Aug. 2

Continuing the UA Faculty Lecture Series, Daniel R.
Boone, Professor of Speech and Hearing, discusses brain and language. Trigger dormant cells. See case presentations of aphasia (loss of memory) and Alzheimer's disease illustrate language disorders. Arizona Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium at 7:30 p.m., room 2600. Free. Info, 621-1877.

a.k.a. theatre co. Aug. 4-6

Beat the blahs with this trio of one-act plays: Albee's "Actor's Nightmare," Durang's "Zoo Story" and Van Itallie's "The Interview." If you're tired of traditional theater, these will perk you up. Tickets \$6. 125 E. Congress. Curtain, 8 p.m. Info, 623-7852.

Bisbee Corn Dance Aug. 6

If you need an excuse to leave town, head toward cooler temps in Bisbee for an all-you-can-eat corn feast with bratwurst and beer for heartier folk. Digest it all with music and dancing. 7 p.m. \$2.50. Info on location, 1-432-5511.

Floating Lanterns

Aug. 6 Physicians for Social Responsibility are staging Lanterns for Hope, a worldwide reminder of that fateful day in Hiroshima, Aug. 6, 1945. Lanterns will be floated in rivers and lakes all over the world to represent hopes of world peace. At home, some 300 lanterns will drift into Reid Park lake at 8 p.m. Activities begin at 7 p.m. with City Councilman Bruce Wheeler and other officials on hand. Watch socially conscious kids assemble and inscribe messages on the lanterns from 3 p.m. on. Sponsored by Students for Peace, Exercise Democracy, and The Tucson Peace Center.

The Amazing Kreskin Aug. 6, 7

Info, 721-1548.

For thirty years, Kreskin's made a living by dramatizing the unusual abilities of the human mind. In three half-hour shows at Old Tucson, he'll reveal the thoughts of participants and demonstrate his amazing mental powers. Adm. charge. Info, 883-0100.

Altered States Aug. 9

What falls under the new umbrella of addictions? Alcohol, food, gambling, drugs, work and even love can become habit-forming. Linda Caravello, MSW, discusses the symptoms, causes and where to find help at the Women's Roundtable. Sponsored by TMC. Radisson Suite Hotel, Speedway and Wilmot, from 7-9 p.m. Members \$5; general \$10. Reservations, 299-6626.

Life Enrichment Series Aug. 11, 18, 25

Tucson Medical Center hands out hints in its quest for your good health. Aug. 11, TMC counselor Linda Cardella, M.S., demonstrates the difference between assertiveness and aggressiveness; Aug. 18, family counselor Bill Hensley, M.A., cuts through psychobabble in a communications for couples lecture; Aug. 25, psychologist David Rubin will explain how to talk to adolescents. Your chance to hear expert advice for free. Sheraton El Conquistador at 7:30 p.m. Info, 327-5461. ext. 5070.

Arizona Theatre Company Aug. 12, 17

On Aug. 12 at 7 p.m. students, ages 13-17, perform monologues, scenes and

musical numbers from a variety of plays. Aug. 17, Scene Study Showcase shows off advanced adult students of ATC in stage scenes from comic and dramatic plays. Today's amateurs are tomorrows big-timers. ATC Rehearsal Hall, 56 W. Congress. Free. Info, 884-8210.

Kids Can Go Native Through Aug. 15

Museum Discovery is livinghistory classes for kids, ages 7-12. A chance to pan for gold, dress in period costumes, play pioneer games and build presidios (well, they use sugar cubes instead of adobe). Ten different oneweek sessions to choose from. \$45 a week, \$40 for Arizona Historical Society members. Info, 628-5774.

Tucson Botanical Gardens Aug. 17

Learn how to transform the prickly pear into food when Sandal English demonstrates the preparation of the cactus, hands out samples and recipes to take home. This guarantees you instant native status. 2150 N. Alvernon. General \$5.00; members \$4.00. 7:30-9 p.m. Info, 326-9255.

Downtown on Scott Ave. Aug. 19, 20

Join the Scott Ave. Arts Fair, an event worth braving the heat for. Highlights include a costume parade at 7:30 p.m. Friday, and a street dance at 9:30 p.m. Saturday. Wall to wall people, curb to curb fun Info, 628-8472.

212 Years Special Aug. 20

Everyone's invited to a fiesta to celebrate the founding of our Presidio. At 7 p.m., starting in front of the courthouse (115 N. Church) and progressing to Presidio Park. Enjoy a pageant, a ceremony honoring Presidio descendants, entertainment, food of course, mariachis and more. No excuses, it's now only 100 degrees and it's free, so you can leave home without your American Express card. Info. 299-0271.

Harambee Festival Aug. 20

Every culture's getting into the act during the 8th annual Harambee Festival, which means "togetherness" in Swahili. You couldn't do better if you visited the United Nations. Myra Hollis sings choir music with Grace Temple Missionary Baptist

Church; the Pascua Indian Dance Center performs traditional Yaqui dances; Barbea Williams Company gets down with African dance; the Baile Folklorico performs traditional Mexican folk dances; and the Reverend Michael Chanley performs gospel music with the men's choir of St. Calvary's church. Plenty of music, ethnic food booths with some Americana thrown in, information areas detailing the center's activities and programs, and probably a fashion show by Ebony and Ivory. Now this is harmony. Don't miss. Sponsored by the Northwest Neighborhood Centers Operations Committee. 4-11 p.m. at Mansfield Park, 2000 N. 4th Ave. Rain date, Aug. 27. Free. Info, 790-3247.

Neck-Benders Through Aug. 21

In 360-degree splendor, "The Great Barrier Reef," filmed in Australia, fills the UA Flandrau Planetarium Auditorium with the sounds and sights of Down Under. In the second part of the doubleheader, view stars in the southern hemisphere in "Land of the Southern Cross." Adm. \$3.75 adults; \$3.00 seniors, students, children. Info on times, 621-STAR.

Park Side Theater Aug. 25-28

Aristophanes' Lysistrata is performed by the actors of the a.k.a. theatre under the stars at Reid Park. A comedy of peace and beauty for everyone. Free at 7:30 p.m. Info, 624-1817.

Gaslight Theatre Through Aug. 27

"The Sword of Zorro," a takeoff on the masked hero of Old California who defended the weak from the powerful. Comedy mishmash with a glob of slapstick. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. Times and ticket info, 886-9428.

Saintly Honors Aug. 28

Tucson's patron saint, St. Augustine, and the centuriesold tradition of "La Fiesta de San Agustín" is celebrated annually by the Arizona Historical Society. It begins with a special noon Mass at St. Augustine Cathedral, 192. S. Stone. At 3 p.m., regional music, dancing and performances of Mexican theater will get lively enough that E. 2nd St. will be closed. Food booths with ethnic food all

day long. Stick around for a fiesta street dance at 7 p.m. Info 628-5774

Advance Notice Through Aug.

Season tickets are on sale for the 1988-89 UA Artist Series, which includes such greats as the State Symphony Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. from Moscow; Leontyne Price; the Amherst Saxophone Quartet; Jean-Pierre Rampal; Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre; The Vienna Chamber Ensemble; Shanghai Acrobats and Magicians; master of mime Marcel Marceau; Wynton Marsalis; Toni Tennille; Tito Puente; the Peter Nero Trio; Camelot with Richard Harris: Cabaret with Joel Grey; The Second City comedy troupe from Chicago and a slew of other events. Season tickets available at Centennial Hall Box Office, Dillard's and Tucson Convention Center outlets. Single tickets available starting Aug. 29. Info. 621-3341.

Be A Naturalist Through Aug.

Sabino Canyon Volunteer Naturalists are looking for volunteers to conduct environmental educational activities at the Sabino Canyon recreation area. Training covers everything from birds and beasts to rocks and plants. Begins. Sept. 6. \$20 fee. Info. 885-3867

Hot Dogs

You're sick of your VCR and tired of movie theaters. Take a risk where quick, slender dogs chase a plastic rabbit. Lose your shirt or make a killing. Enjoy food, drink and the war cries of tense bettors. Tucson Greyhound Park. Race-time info, 884-7576.

Divorce Recovery Program Through Sept. 22

Divorce Recovery sponsors weekly support groups for divorced and separated persons who are adjusting to the chaos of suddenly being single. Share the pain. Thursdays, 7:30-9:30 p.m. at Family Counseling Agency, Conference Room, Suite F., 209 S. Tucson Blvd. Free, but donations gladly accepted. Info, 327-4583.

UA Arizona State Museum Through Feb. 1989

We're giving you plenty of time to check out this major exhibit. Entitled "Among the Western Apache: The Guenther and Goodwin Collections," the display includes a painting by acclaimed Apache artist Duke Wassaja Sine, an extensive array of Apache pots, woven baskets, rugs, crafts and ordinary utilitarian artifacts generally overlooked by collectors. With historical documentation, 1860 through 1970. Info, 621-4895.



Amerind Foundation Through Aug.

An exhibit of Hopi works on paper, emphasizing watercolors. Includes Otis Pole-Ionema, who began the Hopi watercolor tradition in the '20s.

Through Aug.

"Navajo Ways" displays the arts and crafts of the Navajos, featuring objects from the Amerind permanent collection. Included are textiles. silverwork, ceramics and watercolors. Most of the work dates back decades. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

Ann Original Gallery Closing Aug. 6

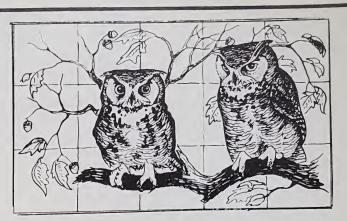
Featuring the oils of Roberta Vaughn. Abstract imagery in bold colors by this regional artist who was educated in palette knife techniques in San Francisco.

Opening Aug. 8-Sept. 17

Sara Spanjers' representational paintings of children, as well as southwestern themes in oils. Also, work by gallery artists in watercolors, bronze and raku pottery. Reception, Aug. 11, 5-8 p.m. Munchies include hors d'oeuvre buffet, wine and punch. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, Crossroads Festival. 323-0266.

Art Network

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HOWL

p.m. 624-7005. **Davis Gallery** Through Oct. 10

Featuring contemporary painting and works on paper by regional artists. Large and bold-colored works. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 6812 N. Oracle. 297-1427.

Dinnerware Cooperative Aug. 2-Sept. 4

"Mexico, Hoy: Una Vista Neuva" means a new view, and what you'll see is over forty-five pieces from sixteen emerging artists from Mexico City and surrounding areas. Acrylics, oil on paper, mixedmedia. A grab bag of art with something for everyone. On Aug. 4 at 7:30 p.m. a symposium, featuring curators with a sprinkling of scholars and artists, discussing the impact of Hispanic art at the University Museum of Art. Exhibit at Dinnerware Artists Cooperative. 135 E. Congress St. Reception, also at Dinnerware, Aug. 6, 7-9 p.m. Info, 792-4503.

Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd. Through Labor Day

As the temps soar the gallery invites everyone into their cool interior to view a rotation of works by Russell Hamilton, Michael Ives, Angus Macpherson, N. Shreko Martin, Fred Myers, Walter Piehl, Howard Post, Nancy Prevo, Andrew Rush, Jon Eric Schafer, Barbara Smith and Dan Vigil. A place where art is polished and professional. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. or by special app't. Call to confirm summer hours. St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell. Info, 299-6998.

Obsidian Gallery Through August

They're sweating out the summer with gallery regulars. The place for the spontaneous and whimsical, like ceramics of weird animals, wacko jewelry, handwoven clothing. Watch for their expansion. 4340 N. Campbell, Suite 90. Mon.-Sat.,10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 577-3598.

Mary Peachin's Art Company **Through August**

Featuring Larry Fodor's handpainted lithographs. Wander through the shops here-it's rumored that Williams Centre is becoming the new downtown. Mon.-Sat.,10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 5350 E. Broadway. 747-1345 or 881-1311.

Phoenix Art Museum Through Aug. 15

If you're passing through Az.'s Big City, STOP. On exhibit are bathing suits dating from the first half of the 20th century. Styles include tank suits, sailor suits, the 2-piece and bikini. See what's making a comeback or start your own trend. Adm. charge. Info, 1-257-1880.

Old Pueblo Museum

Through Sept. 19 Sixteen artists display twentyfive quilts that are made strictly as works of art. This is not the thing you curl up with in front of the TV, but nonfunctional, hand-stitched colorful quilts that show the link between quilt-making and fine art. All quilts made especially for this exhibition, which will tour the country. Several free-standing pieces with quilted panel sections, an 11foot-high quilted kimono and other pieces with optical effects. The items are for sale at a king's ransom. At Foothills Mall. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

Public Art Space Through Sept. 9

The entire east side of the 10th floor-Mayor Volgy's office and council member Sharon Heckman's officehas gone artsy. It's your chance to see the work of local artists in the most public of places. Diane Meyer Melton's still-life watercolors. Rebecca Paradies' amusing woven pieces mounted on Plexiglas and Anke Van Dun's southwestern paintings in desert hues, including some with an airbrush technique. They switch art every four months. See what Volgy likes. Coordinated with the assistance of TPAC. Mon.-Fri., 8 a.m.-5 p.m. Selected works available for purchase. Info, 791-4201.

Saguaro Gallery Through Aug.

Hot times at Saguaro feature local artists Harry DeKeukelaere, Ann Fowler, Risa Waldt Keenan, Eva Arrenas and others. They also are the exclusive retailer of pottery by Earth and Fire. Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 11050 E. Tanque Verde. 749-2152.

Tohono Chul Park Aug. 3-Sept. 19 George Elbert Burr's prints on

display. Daily, 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. 7366 N. Paseo del Norte Adm. charge. 742-6455.

Tucson Museum of Art Closing Aug. 13

Entitled "Emerging Artists Series I." The works of contemporary Arizona artists, including Kevin Sloan, Alan Huerta, Liisa Smith (formerly known as Liisa Phillips) and Carlton Bradford. Expect wild colors expressing wild themes on wild canvases.

Closing Aug. 13

Part of a continuing series of small shows from TMA's permanent collection, displaying 19th century portraits and landscape paintings and examples of pre-19th century sculpture.

Opening Aug. 26-Oct. 2 During a series of extended trips to Spain, UA's Center for Creative Photography selected works by seven of Spain's strongest contemporary young photographers in a variety of photographic styles. Includes b&w and color works capturing old traditions and the festivals of Spain, whimsical, surrealistic gardens. Each photographer exhibits fortyplus works made during the last ten years. Find out what's happening across the Atlantic. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery Closing Aug. 4

Featuring photos of the Tohono O'odham since 1976 by Tony Celentano

Opening Aug. 19-Sept. 13 Wolf Gowin, Phoenix radiologist-cum-artist, exhibits gum bichromate photos (a long drawn-out process that defies clear explanation) in a show called "Approaching the Human Interior." What you'll see are x-ray images. Regular Student Union Bldg. hours. Info, 621-3546.

UA Joseph Gross Gallery 'Til mid-August

Susan Johnson's superrealistic sculptures are lifesized human figures in epoxyresin that spend their time reclining and standing nude. Resist the urge to touchthey might bite back. Also shown are the life-sized molds they were born from. Don't miss, her stuff will take you back a few hundred years when artists didn't know from abstract. UA Art Dept. building. Summer hours, Mon.-Fri. noon-4 p.m. Info, 621-7570

UA Museum of Art Aug. 14-Sept. 18

A walk-in installation by local artist Patricia Carr Morgan places black Plexiglas and green-neon houses within a full-frame, wooden house. Journey through someone's psyche.

Aug. 24-Sept. 25

Installations are de rigueur these days. Texas artist Terry Allen displays his abstract environments dealing with the personal legacies of the Vietnam War. Organized by the Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., noon-4 p.m. 621-7567.

UA Rotunda Gallery Closing Aug. 6

UA fine arts graduate Gary Swimmer's abstract paintings in acrylic and oil. "A sensuous journey through the eyes of a romantic man of the '80s.'

Opening Aug. 22-Sept. 15 In "The Portal Series" Celeste Rehm realistically approaches her ink, charcoal, and paint drawings from a wide-angle perspective. The images include a human being in a room with an alligator and surrealistic figures in a room

with too many windows. Info, 621-1414

UA State Museum Through August

"Building for a Century: Historic Architecture at the University of Arizona." Every picture tells the story of the development and growth of our university. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 2-5 p.m. Free. Info, 621-6302

UA Union Gallery Closing Aug. 4

"Realm of Perceptions: Works by Six Western Artists, featuring Mary Ann Bonjouini, Rob Gischer, Maggie Keane, John Komisar, Meryl Poticha and Andree Richmond.

Opening Aug. 25-Sept. 18

A paper-and-clay show featuring the works of local and California artists, including David Aguirre, Joy Holderead, Catherine Nash, Cristine Pendergrass, Christopher Slatoff and Nancy Wilcoff all showin' off their cast paper, handmade paper, and clay sculptures in every color on top of the earth. Mon.-Fri., 10-4 p.m. Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. UA Student Union, main floor. Info, 621-3546

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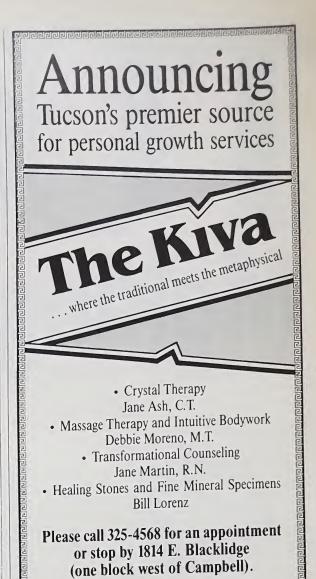
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ARTS

REEL PEOPLE

Will we find the next Paulina in the neighborhood bar?

BY LAURA GREENBERG



Models: Darrin Joslyn, Claudia Dennen, Richard Siken, Rodney Fleetwood. Photo by John DeCindis

bers sauntering down the runway in a Plaza 3 show at the Westin La Paloma and watching people practically falling asleep in their fruit platters. Yet, when she tried suggesting ways to cut loose creatively, colleagues rolled their eyes and whined, "But this is Tucson."

So sixteen months ago, Jona opened REEL modeling agency, determined to break from the generic Kens and Barbies who grace cereal boxes and look like they were force-fed corn flakes. Jona, twenty-four, thinks these folks simply have no soul.

REEL is located in a large, notquite-renovated downtown building. Behind Windexed windows, yellow and pink crepe paper party streamers circulate through the 3-D floor-to-ceiling sign. Indoors, white chipped paint clings to the ceiling, overlooking continental high-gloss fashion magazines

odel Jona Bonecutter remem- that spill from small tables in the wait-

Today, Jona, sans makeup, sits behind a cluttered desk, plays with a pencil, and murmurs about drywall and paint-words out of place in a profession that peddles dreams. A freestanding mirror serves as a Post-it pad for job requests. Around her, partitions are going up, walls are being painted and a new runway is being built. REEL agency is opening a salon to keep models' hair intact, while evenings offer the blare of little-known rock bands in an atmosphere that eighteenyear-olds can participate in. Think theater in a physical world and you have REEL.

At five-foot-six and 116 athletic pounds, Jona has thick, blondish hair with streaks of desert colors that play off against clear skin. All her facial features are attractively in place: round blue-gray eyes, brows that aren't razor

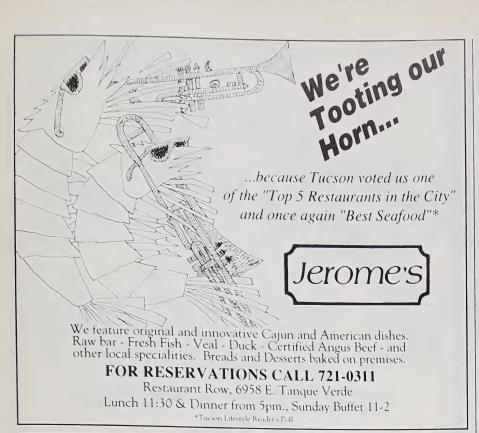
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ARTS

thin, lips that could cushion a kiss but aren't inflamed by a collagen implant, and a nose that's just shy of perfect. She's good-looking in a healthy way and when she's dressed up, a more sultry vision emerges. But fancy isn't important to her nowadays; finding that special beauty in others is.

When she was twenty-two, she cocktailed at the Palace in Hollywood, a club that makes good bands into hip attractions, stages movie-release parties and runway modeling shows. It was there that her creative ideas regarding the modeling business began to bubble.

She says the three leading agencies in town—Grissom/Casablancas, Flair Parisienne and Plaza 3—make good money just from classes in posture, make-up, etiquette and walking. At REEL, if you've never puckered up before a camera, you're required to attend one fifty-dollar workshop and pay the cost of creating a portfolio. Her

that dare to stare into the camera. They all appear to have just kissed and be come one with the lens, their faces revealing expressive pouts, cheeks sucked or sunken in to highlight the angle of bone, framed in windswept, curled or blow-dried hair. The look is beauty, but accessible beauty. They are imperfect. Peruse Vogue, Elle, Mademoiselle and you won't find a pimple, a crease, a scratch of skin blemished with cellulite. Christie, Cheryl and Paulina are not human. They are men's fantasies and women's misgivings. Do you really want to sleep with a poster of one of them in view of your bed?

At her grand opening, Jona featured models in primitive hand-painted clothing with petroglyph motifs. Twigs, twine and other natural fibers curled through hair against a backdrop of pottery and Indian rugs. The second part of the show was city-slicker black, with models in the high est pumps possible. Head-on, cocktall

College reggae? Yeah, hair that hasn't been combed in months, that's all knotted and glued together from sleep, but still looks cool.

class is designed to teach models what to expect on a shoot, how to relax, and to learn how to improvise in bad situations. Like looking beautiful in a gust of chilling rain, when you're plastered inside a Lycrex bikini. No chattering allowed. Smile! Click! Pout! Click!

Jona hunts for unique faces and frames, frequently recruiting in bars. Her rundown on nightlife fashion and faces rolls off her tongue: at the Tucson Garden Nite Club you'll find rock 'n roll clothes and yards of Spandex; Club Congress specializes in the beatnik look, black turtlenecks and thick glasses, often Raybans; The Shanty is a casual mix of Preppie and Yuppie comfort rules; at the Pink Cadillac, the tone is rasty with black combat boots, black pants and overdone black hair merging in fashion terrorism for the ever-changing punk rocker. Gentle Ben's is college reggae. College reggae? Yeah, hair that hasn't been combed in months, that's all knotted and glued together from sleep, but still looks cool.

Lately, Jona says, boys are paying more attention to how they look. Have you noticed that men are actually getting dressed up? Pleated hightop trousers, dry cleaned shirts really made of soft rayon and flowing, Nexxus shampooed hair. Even their nails are manicured. Jona laughs that once they figure out it's okay, guys are getting into the makeup that women have been trying to let go. It's enough to make everyone go off on a gender-bender.

The thick black portfolio houses her finds: men, women and children

darling black.

REEL seeks real people, some beautiful by The American Ratings System—most, though, handpicked for looking slightly unusual. Calvin Klein started this haunted look with model that bore a slight hook to the now, wide, off-center mouths and bodies invented by muscle machines. Bent ton ads took this to the tenth power creating beauty in an ethnic, number tweezed look. Hair is everywhere. Fur is beautiful on both boys and girls, so is no makeup, or the appearance of none.

REEL has its Bennetton and Calvin types, too, but Jona keeps prowling for average people who are striking. It's not all looks. You've gotta have soul and spark. Star quality. Over and over she says, "I need older women." Normal women, with a hint of something extra

You won't earn the bankroll top models in New York do and work isn't steady. Models frequently explain they've just quit their job and Jona, unsympathetic, tells them to find an other one. Her models earn between thirty and sixty dollars an hour and the agency receives a twenty-five percent commission for placing them. Ironically, in New York—where the newest earn a minimum hundred an hour Jona says the rage is the romantic Southwest of concha belts, bola ties cowboy boots.

Hey, you've probably already got the boots. Now step out into a monsorm and try to smile. Click. Pout. Click.

E A T

LOCAL GYRO

It's hard to go wrong with your neighborhood Greek restaurant

BY EMIL FRANZI



get asked why I never review Mexitoreality than a lot of folks think. can restaurants. I don't for two rea-

The first reason is everybody else reviews them. If a taco wagon were to suddenly appear at 12th and Irvington, within three days some bozo from one of the dailies who'd lived here for all of four or five months would find it and gush six paragraphs about the newly found ambiance and never even notice that the guy with the tongs in his hand was a Cuban. Mexican restaurants are over-exposed.

Second reason. Every time somebody writes about some great newly discovered Mexican restaurant the place is immediately inundated with gringos. The folks who run these places are unusually polite and respond to the slightest criticism. Most of the salsa in this town is watered down because too many dingbats have either bitched about the real stuff being too hot or else left it on the table. The owner reacts to satisfy the customer. That's why I won't ever let any of you know where a great new Mexican spot is. Some of you will go over and mess things up. My love for our native Sonoran food is so great that I will do all I can to protect its fragile environment, which is as delicate as the Sonoran Desert. Find you own damn enchiladas.

Fortunately, other types of food are more impervious to audience reaction. Like the Greeks, for example. You tell the owner of the average Greek place that there isn't enough feta cheese in the spano and you could get your Adam's apple removed by a meat cleaver. The parody Greek restaurant on the old "Saturday Night Live" show with Belushi and Aykroyd was closer

Tucson has its share of similar establishments, restaurants that serve your basic American "chizburger" that are run by Greeks. So do a lot of other cities, and it's fun prowling downtowns in places like Denver and Seattle looking for one when you're not up to paying the hotel eight or nine bucks for a scrambled egg breakfast. This is also a great way to learn about Greek culture and the importance of Greece to our cultural heritage. Stuff like Homer, Aristotle and the four types of Greek orders-Doric, Ionian, Corinthian and take-out.

Tucson has a variety of Greek restaurants that ranges from the magnificent Palomino, which is not so much a Greek restaurant as it is a superb establishment run by Greeks and featuring a continental menu (try the bouillabaisse, Cheek, and report back), to a large number of spots in which the Belushi character would look right at home. Whether Greek food as such is on the menu, they all share some basic ethics exemplified in a classic Mike Royko column of a few years back. Paraphrasing Royko is tough, but it sort of went like this.

He got sucked into going to some new California fern bar for lunch in his native Chicago. A couple waitresses didn't show, so they were short on help. When he finally got his order it was the wrong stuff. While this was going on, the manager, a yuppie MBA type, was holding court in the corner and sipping his white wine. Royko's thesis was that the place was doomed and the remedy simple.

You want to run a restaurant, forget all that fancy crap and go to a Greek



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EAT

joint run by a guy named Nicholas. Ask him for one of his understudies, usually a nephew who got here from Athens a year or two back and has and been waiting tables. It's now the kid's big break. Put him in charge of his own shop. When a waiter doesn't show, he'll get off his duff and wait the tables himself and the first time the cook sends out the wrong order he'll be looking at a dude with a big knife in his hand who says, "Do that agin and I keel you." Bottom line: Greek restaurants, all kinds, tend to make it.

Before I take us on a tour of Tucson's Greek food, some terms need defining. The basics of any good Greek menu consist of seven or eight dishes, almost all of which can be found in our half dozen restaurants specializing in Greek food. Most of us have eaten some of it at some time somewhere, but probably haven't paid close attention to what it was. Pay attention now....

Two of the basic Greek building blocks are feta cheese and tsatziki. They are to Greek food what soy sauce is to Chinese and tomatoes are to Italians. Feta cheese, in case you didn't know, comes from goats and, like salsa, gets watered down in this country, probably more by statute than by intent. Tsatziki is that white stuff that shows up with most Greek food—it's based on yogurt and cucumbers. The third basic block is pita bread, which is now so ubiquitous that it is found in fast food places and needs no further explanation. Lamb and chicken, prepared in a variety of ways, are also common.

Specific Greek dishes as mentioned above include two baked items, pastitsio and mousaka. Pastitsio is made with ground beef and noodles, topped with a bechamel sauce, while mousaka substitutes eggplant for the noodles and a white sauce on top for

the bechamel.

Another item in the baked cate gory is spanakopita, or spinach pie Spinach and feta cheese with those near Greek multiple layers of thin dough called philo. (There is not exactly a universal spelling for all this stuff. All vou fraternity and sorority types probably remember that the Greeks have their own alphabet and translations are not universal.) There is a variant called tyropita, which is a cheese pie using feta, ricotta, and/or some other cheeses like kefalo or even mozarella. Chef's choice. Then we have dolmathes, which are grape leaves wrapped around combinations usually of ground beef or lamb with rice.

Now we're down to the three most serious Greek foods for us meat eaters-gyros, souvlaki and Greek sausage. Gyro is a composite meat based on processed pieces of lamb and beef in different proportions, but usually heavy on the beef. (Those funny-looking hunks of meat you see hanging in the kitchen are what the strips of meat are cut from.) Good stuff, but about as originally Greek as chop suey. Souvlaki is the marinated hunks of beef served on a kabob and cooked over open flame. Greek sausage comes in a multiplicity of forms—pork, lamb, beef and combinations thereof.

There are five pure Greek menu places in town. This list excludes peripheral Greek restaurants that serve some Greek food on a wider menu and range from the high-class (The Olive Tree—best lemon rice soup in town through Valentine's (3146 E. Gran Rd.— watch for daily specials) to the Country House (902 E. Broadwaygreat Greek omelettes). For pure Greek food you can choose from: Acropolis Gyro, 4811 E. Sunrise Drive (same family that runs Valentine's); El Greek



520 N. Park (hard to park near at peak UA times, but has a domerkabob based on hanging meat that isn't the processed gyro and which I highly recommend); Marathon Gyro, 1134 E. 6th (lots of combination plates where you can sample different stuff); The Olympic Flame, 7970 E. Broadway (watch it—cloth napkins, but otherwise comparable price- and quality-wise—I really like the Greek sausage); and last, Pappoule's, 32 N. Church downtown and in the Tucson Mall (spinach or cheese pie at \$1.35).

Any of the above will give you more than your money's worth—it is simply impossible to get a bad Greek meal in town. Same holds true of Thai restaurants, but the biggest difference besides the food is that with Thais you get portraits of the Thai Royal

With Greeks, you get Telly Savalas.

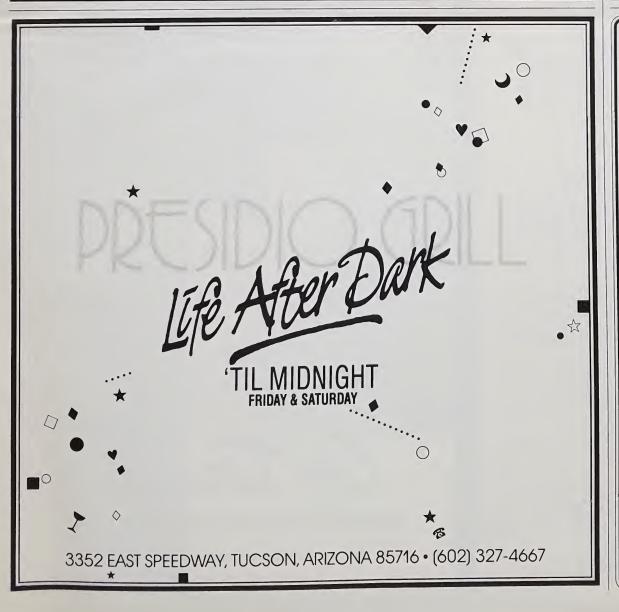
CHICKEN-FRIED STEAK UPDATE

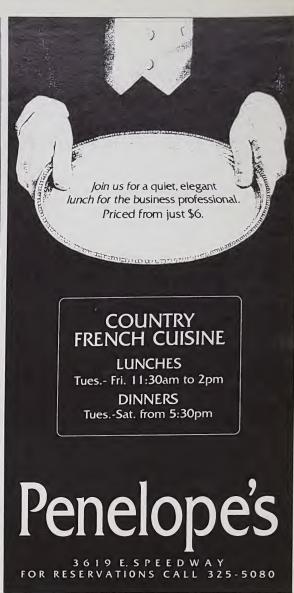
Eddie and Debbie's Bread and Butter Cafe, 4209 E. 22nd St. 5 a.m.-2 p.m. CFS from 9:30 on, \$2.99. Choice of white or brown gravy. Menu is userfriendly so you can substitute CFS onto an egg order, as I did, for \$3.39. Great spot—great homemade pies.

GUS AND ANDY'S UPDATE

They got rid of the salad bar, making more room for people to eat meat. That's a big win for our side in the yuppie wars. Still have the fashion show with Friday's lunch. Old-fashioned, sexist and wonderful.









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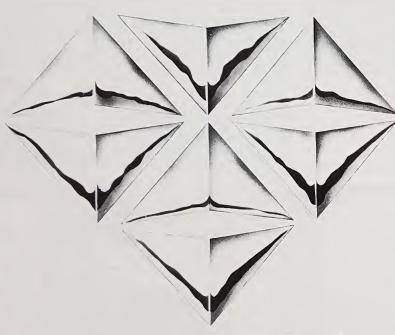


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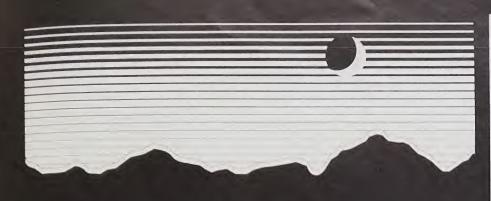
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Donna Nordin, Executive Chef





Photo by Hal Gould

Bea-mg

Who is Bea Lamé? Who is Margo Taylor? What is to become of them?

By Laura Greenberg



Margo Taylor dictated this lead: "It's not that Bea Lamé is going to disappear, she's just going to be a new form and you don't find out what it is

Bea Lamé, former Pop Kulture Arbiter for the Tucson Weekly, is on sabbatical. You can take the writer out of the paper, but you can't take the writer out of the person: Bea is still smiling and frothing at the mouth.

Margo Taylor officially became Bea Lamé in 1983 and began the "Normal News" column, a gossipy insider's view of Tucson that chronicled much of what yuppiedom had to offer. Margo insists: "I chronicled my generation."

Tucson's underground answer to Liz Smith, Bea's weekly column slipped from sight in mid-1988. Silenced was the voice that needled local and national trends. Things like the pressure to shop the co-op; skinny

downtown artistes; pumping lifecycles that took us nowhere; food; THE DES-ERT LANDSCAPE; the politics of being oh-so-scenish. All in a chatty, ranting style decorated with phrases like "believe you me," "fabulous, fabulous, fabulous," and sentences in CAPITALS with frenzied fencerows of exclamation points!!!

Reports conflict on the "why" of her disappearance. Tucson Weekly editor Douglas Biggers took the question by phone and said, "Let me consult my astrologer," then recited the official version: "No big deal. One: we came to a sort of a mutual agreement [based on Margo's heavy writing schedule]; and two: we were in the process of reevaluating the amount of space we were devoting to columns, and those two coincided. It's only temporary," Biggers said. "She's still on the masthead."

Margo is amused. She says no one told her it was temporary and wonders why *her* name is on the masthead. She considers herself a free-lancer in every sense, having stormed through various careers: teacher, dancer, event coordinator, writer and, at forty— well, kiddies, Bea Lamé and Margo Taylor have MELLOWED!

The lady of verbal and visual kitsch is not a morning girl. Arrive at her downtown home at 11 a.m. and she appears at the door in a vintage Japanese kimono, pulling the pastel silk tight across her chest, sleep stigmata etched on her face. She opens the wooden door, then unlocks the purple, art deco, wrought iron door. Even liberals want to keep their belongings. Frank, her dog and frequent companion, woofs his obligatory territorialism. (He's three-quarters Australian Shepherd and the rest is a genetic grab bag.) Tromping across bleached wood floors, she gets down to business, grinding coffee beans and then brewing the mixture in a sturdy metal espresso maker on a small gas stove. The brew's

"Bea was invented at the Shanty, in old days,1979-84, when everyone who was an anybody was there seven nights a week, literally. No, I'm not telling who the anybodys are. I used to wear lots of lamé and I had gold lamé purses. People joked about them, so I said, oh yeah, Bea Lamé. That became, oh yeah, she's Bea Lamé."

When Biggers hired her to write a gossip column, Margo brought along the name. "For a while, people didn't know what it was or how to pronounce it. They would say things like be-alame [like in game]. That's the funny thing. A lot of people knew who Bea Lamé was, and a lot of people knew who Margo Taylor was. Margo Taylor

was the party coordinator who had been around for a long time, and Bea Lamé was this other face. Some were very surprised when they found out they were the same person."

Her sitting room is a scene, either straight out of the movie "Brazil," or just delivered from L.A.'s countercultural Melrose Avenue. Thirties, forties, fifties, sixties and seventies vie for dominance throughout the house. A closet is painted bright turquoise. Margo, wearing hot-pink exercise pants, stretches across the chair of her black and gold leopard print couch set, clashing with the background. When her words tumble out, her hands smack the wooden sides, the chair resonates and her face ranges through expressions like Silly Putty anchored by lightblue eyes. Her red hair spills on, off and around her face, occasionally meeting at her shoulders.

'I was popular being Bea, but you know what happens to people who get too popular? They crash. They get their face on the cover of Time magazine and then they're dead, they're history. Writing became more and more of a chore. I hated it. I would postpone, postpone. My column would be due on Monday, and on Sunday I'd go, well, maybe the trash mini-series on the NBC Sunday night movie will help me. When I first started there weren't enough columns for my ideas and I'd sort of get this buzz. I'd ask my friends 'What are we talking about these days?' Or if there was something heavy politically happening.... I didn't run out of ideas. I think I ran out of wanting to have ideas. Some of my friends think it's good riddance that Bea's gone. She was getting stuck and her writing wasn't as good as it once had been. It was time to stop it for a while.

"Part of the problem is I don't want to rant and rave anymore. I don't like rant-and-rave journalism. In fact, I hate it. I got tired of the self-righteousness which goes hand in hand with ranting and raving. I'd rather see them smile and be nice to people they bump into on the street. So what if it's a developer?

"I would read all the columnists in town. I'd read Vanity Fair, Esquire. I'd read Interview magazine. I read them all. And it's like formula writing. There are certain pat ways that everyone does their little spiel. Tom Beal has his own little spiel. It's all in the same sentence structure, almost. Jeff Smith has the same sentence structure. Chuck Bowden has the same. They all do, including me, and I never wanted to be in a category that you could identify.

"What became identifiable as Bea Lamé often started with, 'Well boomers, listen up, I have story to tell,' and that's a real common thing that people do-they preface the story by telling

you how you're going to react to it. Or listen, this is going to make you absolutely puke in your boots, but wait 'til you hear this.

"I think, uhmm, the older I get, the less I want to rant and rave. It's not that I'm bored. It's just that life is just...life.

"I don't want to be trying to find the latest way to cut Tucson down before someone else finds out how to cut it down. I think I'm becoming part of the solution. I want to feel good. I don't want to feel bad. What I've been working on with myself is inner peace and it's far, far, far, far more worthwhile than the agony and ecstasy of getting so excited because something's coming

Margo is also tired of what she calls "desert consciousness." "People get here and they immediately grasp that—you know, 'I'm a semi-native' and 'I'm a Native' bumper stickers. You have meaning. You have to sort of be one with cactus, and you do believe in precious rocks, and isn't it terrible what we're doing to the environment? People love to talk in mellow tones about how they love to read the Book of the Hopi and did peyote on a mountain all by themselves one time, and they did hike all the way from Romero Pass. Do you know what I'm talkin' about? Hey, I had hiking boots with Vibram soles.

"I think I was almost embarrassed to be that deserty, even back then. I sorta knew sitting on the front porch of some crumbling old adobe and smoking a joint and talking about how wonderful the creosote smelled was just a little too precious—you know?"

Margo's kitchen has pale pink walls, black and white checkered linoleum floors, and cabinets that blaze turquoise, red, yellow and black. No microwave. No electric coffee maker. "I came into the high-tech world very





slowly," she says.

Her potpourri of tapes—the Supremes, the Four Tops, Sarah Vaughn, Joni Mitchell, The Talking Heads, Sting, Shirley Bassey, Simon and Garfunkel—form a sonic blur as one follows another without pause.

'You have to realize that Bea Lamé and Margo Taylor are the same person," she continues. "Let's talk about the real issue here. I'm not into fame anymore. That's what happens when you're almost forty. Believe you me, I don't know what's happened. It's like one of those parts of you that you cured and you don't know how you cured it, like you used to have a messy house and now it's not so messy. And I looked over my shoulder not too long ago and I found out I didn't care about fame anymore, and that's a big one, ya know? We all want to be recognized on some level, if we got our, ya know, our Andy Warhol fifteen minutes, if only once the whole world would bow to us." She wears a button that a friend gave her: YOU ARE THE MESSAGE.

'It's a new-age spoof," she says. "Oh, God, I've been new-age forever. Well, I don't really know exactly what it means. Let's put it this way: I believed in our spiritual selves all along and I've been very critical and negative about a lot of the organized Shirley-MacLaine-pay-a-thousand-dollars types. But I've always been an explorer of that. Zen, the whole bit. Be it astrology, or I Ching, or Zen—all are a metaphor for trying to find meaning in life. I think the one thing that depresses us the most is that empty, empty feeling you get when you think maybe your life doesn't have any meaning. It could be you worked at Circle K for twenty years and every day you go, 'What's it all about, Alfie?' Or it could be you don't know if you're a great artist or just a schmuck."

She rummages through her freestanding bar filled with bottles of *real* liquor—Cutty Sark, Crown Russe vodka and J&B—no wine cooler for this girl. Margo pulls out a house warming gift of brightly colored cockast napkins with Margo & Frank Taylor etched in gold. Frank follows her from room to room. These days, Margo derives her income from staging parties, a career that started long before Beal Lamé.

"A friend of mine said I'm having a formal dinner party and I want volu and your male friend to dress up as a butler and maid and serve us. So he wore tails, we got silver trays, I got a little white apron and hat, black seamed stockings and we did this whole spoof on the butler and maid. I'd pretend to goose him, spill water in their faces. And when we were finished with that, we thought 'there's a place for this.' So we named ourselves Better Butlers, and got cards printed up. The place where we got our cards printed. they were so intrigued by the idea that they told their boss and their boss just happened to be having a party for a friend and hired us to be a butler and maid. That was the beginning of that."

Margo became a party coordinator, arranging anything anybody wanted, elevating it to an offbeat art form. Her favorite parties? Those that have a theme, like the futuristic gala she staged for more than 2,000 people at the airport expansion. But what's hot in'88 is the FORTIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY!

Having just turned forty herself, on July 25, she says, "I'm totally embarrassed by making a big deal out of forty." And it's all happening "because of the fucking 'thirtysomething' TV show and all those Michelob ads—BOOMER, BOOMER, BOOMER! I mean, people have been turning forty for years, right? Now the real baby boomers are turning forty and so that's a big deal. They act like they're the first people to ever turn forty. Like their parents never turned forty, and their grandparents never turned forty. Then they have to read Gail Sheehy's Passages for the fifth time





[Margo herself has never read the book], grab another group of self-help books and 'Oh God, it's too much.' I don't think they're terrified. I think they want to be self-centered and make a big deal out of their lives, you know. Fortieth parties, they're not fun. Okay, they're FUN, FUN, FUN!"

A box of matches is on the black coffee table. On the front of the box is a two-story white colonial house, the likes of which you only see Back East. The lawn is lush and green. On the backside "Brown-Forward Funeral Service since 1825" is printed in black. A joke? No. Margo just recently went to her first funeral.

In one giant breath she exhales her past: "Birth—raised in Cleveland, Ohio, in Waspland, private girls' school, Hathaway Brown from grammar through high school. Every little girl is supposed to grow up and know how to play tennis and golf and go to Smith or Vassar or Radcliffe. My father was an administrator for the Cleveland Clinic and my mother played golf, the garden club, belonged to the Junior League. We decorated the house in floral chintz, you know. I have two younger sisters, who are both great." Margo went to a junior college in Boston, then finished at UA with a B.A. in English and a certificate to teach high school.

On a recent visit back home, Margo didn't get into a fight with Mom, for the first time ever. "It was like a fucking plot from 'thirtysomething.' Like, okay, time to grow up, let go of this parent shit, this is the thing, the agony and the ecstasy of your whole life, this is the agony and ecstasy of everyone's life, their parents, right? Of course, my mother did her same old routines. But I reacted to them differently. Before I would be throwing bouillabaisse at her, and screaming at her and telling her she should go to a therapist. This time I was reacting from that place of just forgiving her and loving her and letting it go. And it felt great.

She feels she has come full circle. "My friend and I went to lunch with her twenty-three-year-old son, who lives in Boulder, and he brought his girlfriend. And she prepared me by

saying, 'These are like hippies, the newgeneration hippies.' I thought, oh yeah, this will be great.

"I swear to God, there was a point where I was so livid at these young kids. There was me and my friend, the older generation, right, listening to two twenty-three year-olds in their sort of hippie, Indian print clothes saying we should get rid of drivers licenses and Social Security cards and shouldn't have bank accounts. And he kept saying, 'Mom, don't you know we live in a world of cement and we should go back to nature? Mom, I don't like to go to school. It's just an institution and it just represents society,' ya know. I said to him, listen, look at me, I'm the older generation, believe you me, I know where you're coming from 'cause I've been there. 'Yeah,' he said, 'but you've all sold out.

"He's talking about we shouldn't have expectations, we shouldn't make plans, we shouldn't need to fulfill society's purpose. We shouldn't have to live up to our talent....

"Well, that was a big one with my father. 'Hey Dad,' I said, 'if I have enough talent to be Shakespeare, that's okay. I don't have to do it. If I could be the greatest woman writer in the world, it's still okay for me to go live on a desert island and not live up to my potential.' Now this kid was talking in those same bad metaphors that we used to talk. And I'm just sitting there going, 'Aahh, this is a Bea Lamé article.' It was Bea Lamé meeting herself twenty years later.

"That's what I said twenty years ago, right? Now I can let it go. I did get the mini-version of my fifteen minutes. How many minutes? Well, I think because population growth is so bad, we're probably down to only ten minutes anyway. I've had a good three minutes.

"I love all the things I've done—dancing, event coordinating, writing and I know somehow they're all meshing together and I might never have a label. I just may be a free-lance person. Oh yeah, her card says, 'free-lance person.' I might just be sort of non-specified. Coming full circle? Yes."

But just one more thing.....



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...IS IT WORTH IT?"

–Bea Lamé



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Will Smith 27 LOS MINOR RANDYALLEN INACTION UP TOM TAILOR



He may be the biggest tycoon in Arizona. He's got square miles of metro Tucson. He's building the world's fanciest hotel in Phoenix. He's at war with the federal bureaucracy. He hates pornography. Meet your new neighbor, Charles Keating.

> By Charles Bowden and Richard S. Vonier



Photo by FotoFoto



Question: If there was one statement you could make to the public about Charles Keating, Jr., what would it be?

Keating: I really don't know. I really don't know.

—Arizona Business Gazette, February 27, 1984

The eyes bore into the computer screens where the globe's oceans of money flow—deutsch marks, Swiss francs, £ sterling, yen. Their positions change second by second. Another screen displays Eurodollars, the Dow Jones, gold, silver, Standard and Poor's 500. And there are futures, other screens. Clocks on the wall march in

step with Zurich, London, New York, Chicago, Phoenix, Tokyo. Men move quickly around the glass-walled war room, placing orders over the phone, monitoring the play of markets.

Charles Keating, Jr., sits in a chair and stares ahead at the bank of monitors. The sixty-five-year-old face is deeply lined and absolutely still with concentration, the body all but motionless. It is morning in Phoenix, but the time that counts, the basic time, is that of money. Somewhere, always, the markets are open and moving and it is the time for action, for making plays. The blue eyes are clear and alive and seemingly oblivious of every other single thing on earth except the move-

ment of the numbers on the screen as the financial ventures of nations ebb and flow like the tides. He cancels an overnight order in £ sterling, a hedge against his position.

He has been in Arizona a little more than a decade. In Tucson he owns the 2,800-acre Continental Ranch stretching along I-10 for three and a half miles, and is heavily involved in Rancho Vistoso, an 8,000-acre, 14-square-mile community west of North Oracle Road near Tangerine Road. Although his companies' investments in Pima County make him a major player in its future, most people in Tucson have never heard of Charlie Keating. But a lot of powerful people in Washington and New York have.

He is one of the most influential men in the state, but in many ways, the least known as a person. He does radio ads giving his thoughts and personal philosophy rather than talk to reporters. For decades, Arizona in general and Tucson in particular have been about real estate speculation. Charlie Keating plays this game at a level that dwarfs earlier players. He is the state-of-the-art developer, promoter, financier, and when he came to Tucson he became the biggest fish this pond had seen since Howard Hughes.

He turns from the monitors, gets up, and his lanky, athletic six-foot-five-inch frame begins to move. The face regroups easily into a smile, the lines diminish. What has just vanished from Keating's expression are his corporate concerns: American Continental Corporation, Lincoln Savings & Loan, AMCOR Funding Corporation, AMCOR Investments Corporation, American Founders Life Insurance Company and seven other subsidiary corporations.

What remains is an apparently easy-going man, the center of a \$5 billion empire.

Charlie.

He walks past a room full of impeccably dressed secretaries, all selected for positive attitudes and wholesome appearances, and most personally interviewed by him, as are a lot of people on the 1,200 person staff. Candidates are sized up for attitude, and if hired, according to a former employee, they will be primping in the ladies' room constantly. They all shine with the same radiance. Some have called Keating's organization "the Stepford Company." The men have knotted ties and long sleeves. Walls are tastefully decorated with southwestern art, the desks are substantial chunks of wood. His only son, Charles Keating III, is the CEO of AMCOR (at a reported salary of \$800,000 a year), Charlie's real estate subsidiary. His wife Mary Elaine is interior designer. The offices are packed with sons-in-law; his five daughters and the grandkids pop in and out. No smoking is permitted-Charlie was once a world-class swimmer—and there are no hours except long, no set vacations. You come, you

go, and you work like hell for very high wages, with secretaries sometimes taking home \$50,000 to \$65,000 per year, and top help pulling down \$600,000. One of his secretaries keeps a packed suitcase with her always, and if the call comes to meet Keating at the airport at 3 a.m., she'll be ready to go off for days, trailing him and taking notes around the boardrooms of America. Charlie himself has been at the office since three or four this morning and will not get home until seven or eight tonight. He works seven days a week.

His office door is open. The desk is a fine old table with a computer plugged into the money markets, and across the way are two more monitors. The furnishings are standard executive vanilla—the glass-topped conference table, the soft couch and chairs surrounding a coffee table, shelves, quiet carpet—and almost invisible. There are no plaques on the walls, just a large color photograph of Charlie with his wife, the six kids and all the grandkids. In a distant corner, a big, glowing globe rotates slowly. Beyond the window, a Tongan, one of 125 South Sea islanders he pays as groundskeepers, zealously tracks down a stray leaf on the lawn. A glass Madonna occupies a corner of his desk. The bookcases are mainly empty—a bound set of Arizona Highways, a collection of small sterling silver kachinas and, high in one corner, hidden behind the door, a small award from an anti-pornography group. Two statues of Don Quixote look about the room for windmills to attack. A couple of copies of Bonfire of the Vanities, Tom Wolfe's book on yuppie lives in overdrive, are set in a pile with a theology volume. There are very few marks of an individual in this room. The globe? A gift, he says. The figures and paintings? His wife's selections. Within the corporation, employees are not allowed to put their own things on the wall without permission. The whole corporate complex in the stretch of posh offices along Camelback Road—bought when some other guys defaulted—seems like a very expensive model of a bland, anonymous thing.

It is not. Keating heads one of the most unusual and idiosyncratic organizations in the world. American Continental Corporation is a publicly traded holding company. According to the *Arizona Republic*, the board, including other family members, controls about 57% of the stock; Keating's personal holdings amount to 24.5% of American Continental's common stock.

The corporate jewel and living heart of the empire is a California savings & loan, Lincoln, with more than \$5.4 billion in assets. Charlie's empire has lived in constant controversy. For two years, according to accounts in the Wall Street Journal and the American Banker, he has been engaged in one of the fiercest regulatory fights with the federal government in memory, sapping his energies, costing him "tens of million of dollars" in legal and account-

ing fees and lost business opportunities, and he has just won what some call a stunning victory.

Politically, his personal and corporate staff contributions and fund-raising have set off alarms: \$80,000 to members of the Phoenix City Council; \$220,000 to Arizona's congressional delegation (as of December 1986); and substantial sums to other politicians—and he doesn't hesitate to call on the recipients of his generosity. For years he has also been among the largest contributors to organizations fighting pornography.

He has a reputation for suing—Arizona Trend, a statewide business magazine, is now locked in a \$35 million suit with Lincoln over a story about his companies. "We have a legal department," Keating says with a smile, "and they specialize in libel actions." The legal department is treated nicely—a former secretary remembers all the women there being taken across the street to the Biltmore Plaza mall, each given \$500 and told to spend it in twenty minutes on something nice to wear or the money would be taken

He makes financial moves with federally guaranteed savings & loan money that cause bureaucrats to gasp—junk bonds (high-interest IOUs that are considered below standard investment grade issued by companies to raise capital), speculative real estate and futures. Right now he is betting that Phoenix could use a \$300 million luxury resort. At Estrella, on the southwest edge of the city, he is building a model community of 200,000 people on 78,000 acres of land. Arizona real estate is stagnant right now, with other developers filing Chapter 11s instead of planning and zoning requests. But Keating thinks he sees a window, a way to make his investments work the oldfashioned way. He figures if he brings in industries and jobs first, he can sell houses. The list of investments goes on and on—The Wall Street Journal on May 23 said Lincoln had a billion dollars in real estate at the end of 1987 and \$622 million in junk bonds. Keating himself puts the real estate figure at \$900 mil-

His decisions consistently earn American Continental ratings as one of the hottest thrift-holding companies in the nation—Fortune, in June 1988, ranked the company first among savings institutions on total return to investors. But those same decisions sometimes land him in stories as an example of the kind of lender that some feel could destroy America's federally insured savings & loan business.

Last year, Forbes calculated his annual wages, bonuses and options at \$3.2 million. He has a large walled-off home in suburban Phoenix and another in the Bahamas. Keating seems to consider Phoenix just his address. He is indignant when press reports connect him with the Phoenix 40 (as if his horizons were the same as those of zealous

local boosters). "I don't know those guys," he says. Keating's base of operations is planet Earth. Three jets serve him and his staff, plus a helicopter (on this day, it is on loan to Mother Teresa—to whom he has given at least \$1 million—as she visits Navajos). He once gave \$600,000 to his high school so they could build a decent swimming pool, and over the years has given a million to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and also has supported a project for aiding New York street kids and various groups helping the homeless. He doesn't like to talk about his giving. But he proudly shows a small crucifix containing a fragment of the true cross that Mother Teresa had carried on her rosary for years and then gave to his wife. He has added a small silver medallion announcing a reward in case the gift is lost. It is obvious that for Keating the crucifix is not a trophy, but a statement of grace he was fortunate enough to have enter his life.

them—but as unconcerned. He has the manner of a good poker player, not interested in past hands, not concerned with future pots, just locked intensely into the cards he holds at this moment. He is remembering, smiling, laughing, when his secretary buzzes a call, and suddenly he is talking to someone about looking into a chain of stores in Arizona—"Just tell him I mentioned it to you, so he won't think I didn't do anything." He resumes his conversation, his daughter enters with a grandchild and his attention shifts. But it is always the same attention, a fascination with the moment—whatever it is.

His father was a cripple every day of Charlie's life. First he lost a leg in a hunting accident, then sank under the weight of Parkinson's disease. He got \$200 a month in disability (a figure Keating is quick to note was "ample" for a family of four in the '30s and '40s). His father had come up out of Kentucky and by the time injury and illness

the air in the bedroom. I never saw so much—man, that was a lot of one-dollar bills when you started unfolding them."

By the late fifties, Keating was a partner in his own firm, earning big fees. His management style emerged He says the only meetings he recalls were about how to handle the secretaries, what problems they were having. Through his practice, he met Carl Lind. ner, head of American Financial Corp. Most of what is known about their relationship is in a 1977 Fortune piece, one in which the writer discovered she could find hardly anybody in Cincinnati who liked Charlie Keating. The memory of the story still kind of rankles him—he says the reporter had an ax to grind. He calls for his secretary, and she comes into the room with a big yellow button that says I LIKE CHAR-LIE KEATING. He smiles—see, people like me. In 1987 he dropped a half million on radio ads in the Phoenix and Tucson markets, ads in which he declared he had "a love of people."

Carl Lindner came from a bluecollar Cincinnati neighborhood, started with the family dairy, and taught himself the byways of finance and how to package companies. He built a huge holding company, a corporate behemoth laced together with webs of credit. Eventually, among its many holdings, American Financial owned the Cincinnati Enquirer and a struggling home builder, Continental Homes, in Phoenix. Gradually, Lindner virtually became Keating's law practice and "an obsession" to Charlie. Ultimately, Keating became an American Financial vice-president.

"From Lindner," he offers, "you learn decency and honesty. He had a brilliant analytical mind that was very concentrated on financial matters. He always had the bottom line straight."

American Financial, like many things Keating gets involved in, ran into trouble with government rules. In 1979, Keating was barred from practicing before the Securities and Exchange Commission for three months because of American Financial loans during his years there that the SEC found questionable—\$14 million to friends and associates. He now regrets not fighting the decision more vigorously since he figures it cost him his shot at the ambas sadorship to the Bahamas. In the early seventies, Keating and his family went to Phoenix to take over the stumbling Continental Homes—either resuscitate or liquidate. Then, when Lindner took American Financial private, Keating saw his options closing and decided to get out—"I hated to leave and left a lot on the table when I did."

But he loved Phoenix, and in the process of dissolving Continental Homes in 1976-77, he decided it might still be a viable operation. That led to American Continental Corp. (the name American had appeal to Keating and the offices today are easily spotted by a large American flag waving over

There are a lot of people that would say nasty things, I'm sure, about me. But it ain't true that nobody ever liked Charlie Keating.

-Interview with Charles Keating, Jr., May 1988

He settles into a chair in his office and begins to talk. A secretary brings in a glass of orange juice—the refrigerator down the hall always has a couple of bottles of Dom Perignon, Charlie's favorite spirits for other occasions. At his elbow is a small bronze statue of an old man with a rifle feeding a squirrel that stands on his knee. Keating explains that the figure helps him remember his father. His voice is very clear and almost soft, a slight lilt of Irish mixed with a large dose of nasal Ohio. The body is relaxed, and laughter comes easily. Secretaries move in and out with messages, but these hardly break his calm. He still has most of his reddish hair and he has the carriage of a man who tries to swim a mile a day.

He is relaxed. It all sounds so simple.

There are a lot of people that would say nasty things, I'm sure, about me. But it ain't true that nobody ever liked Charlie Keating.

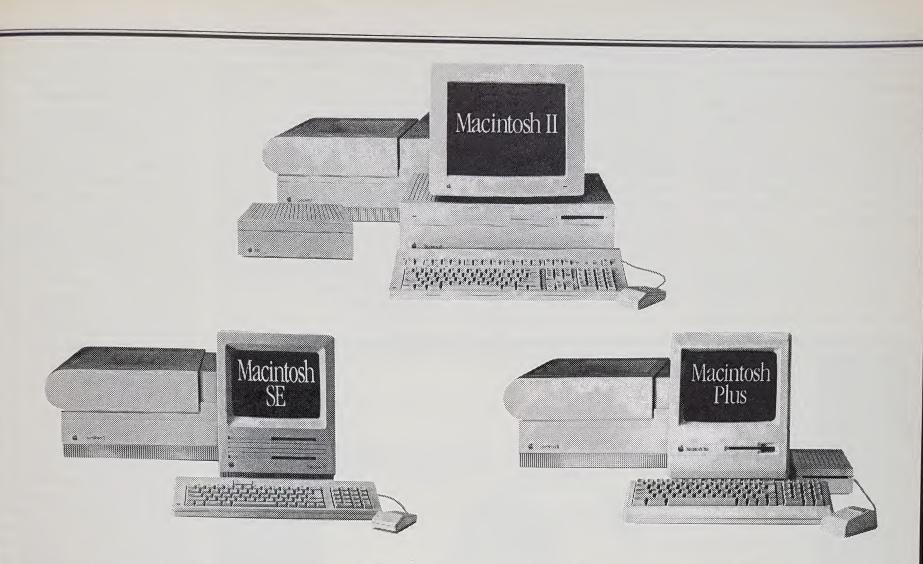
—Interview with Charles Keating, Jr., May 1988

His past? Born Cincinnati, 1923. Attended Ursuline Academy and Annunciation Grade School, St. Xavier High School, married Mary Elaine Fette.... "You really want to know about that stuff?" he asks. For Keating the past is over, the future hasn't begun, and everything is now. He strikes one as not so much modest about his yesterdays—he enjoyed every one of

struck, had amassed a nest egg of \$10,000 to \$20,000. Each day his father would sit out in the yard in a chair—the boys would carry him out—and a pet squirrel would come scrambling down a tree and sit on his knee to be fed. He lived until 1974. That is how Charlie remembers him.

Charlie became an athlete, as did his younger brother Bill. Charlie went to the University of Cincinnati and promptly flunked out. He enlisted in the Navy at seventeen and went to boot camp at eighteen. He loved his stint in Florida, loved flying, and once landed his Hellcat without remembering to put the wheels down. When he got out of the Navy, he went to Ohio State on an athletic scholarship (Keating is adamant that the schools were gutted by the war and ravenous for any kind of athlete). He missed home, quit, and cut a deal with the University of Cincinnati-if he took six months of liberal arts, could he go straight on to law school? They said yes, he swam for the team and got his degree. In one leg of a 400-meter relay he set a world's record (one not recognized because it was part of a team effort).

He took to the law, not in a technical sense, but as a man who could work with corporations in solving their problems. "I remember," he says, "the first fee I made as a lawyer. A lady handed me \$10,000 in one-dollar bills in a brown bag—they ran an ice cream company. I had two kids at the time, I think. I came home and I threw it up in



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Camelback Road).

Before Keating left Cincinnati, however, two more elements had been added to his life besides finance and law: politics and pornography. The politics came when his brother Bill ran for judge, and eventually was elected to Congress. "I raised the money," Keating says. But what really dragged Keating into fund-raising and politics, in his eyes, were dirty books and sexual paraphernalia.

One day in the late '50s he noticed a shop across from a Cincinnati school selling such stuff. So he went in and discovered what he calls "rubber pricks and deeldos." Keating, who represented the Fraternal Order of Police,

participated in the police raid—the variety store was run by an old woman apparently trying to make ends meetand then got heavily into the prosecution. He assembled expert witnesses, psychiatrists etc. for the first time ever in a pornography case, he says. Soon he was getting requests for talks. As he tore off to one of these addresses, he stopped at a dirty book store to pick up some examples of the problem. And then, there he was in front of five thousand people getting loud applause. He liked the applause, he acknowledges with a smile, the same applause that he liked when he was a champion swim-

He founded Citizens for Decency

Through Law (an organization that later ran into trouble in several states for spending too much of its gross on fund-raising costs) and gave large donations to it. Keating led the fight against a performance of Oh Calcutta! in Cincinnati, and tried to stop a newsstand near his office from selling Playboy. By 1969 he was sitting on the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, and when the majority report found the stuff basically harmless and estimates of the scale of the industry overblown, Keating weighed in with a dissent that sounded like a foreshadowing of the '80s television evangelists.

"Certainly," he wrote, "ancient

Sodom and Gomorrah couldn't have been as obsessed with sex as America is today. What is rotten in Denmark is already putrid in this country..."

In 1970 alone, he traveled 200,000 miles denouncing the skin trade, Almost every interview Keating has ever given bogs down on his pornography campaign, and they all bog down for the same reason. Charlie Keating in person always sounds like a reasonable, live-and-let-live kind of guv There seems to be no connection between Keating in the flesh and the man who has appeared on numerous platforms denouncing the commercial portrayal of the exposed breast, the bare buttocks, the grunting, pleasureseeking human animal in rut. He tends to explain his position in mild termsthat he is not trying to tell people what they can look at in their own homes, that he is not trying to censor his fellow citizens, that he is simply trying to crush the illegal merchants of filth. It all sounds reasonable when he is sitting there looking reasonable. But perhaps a perfect example of how fine the line is and how easy it is to cross into the spooky land of book burning and a moral police state was given recently by his son Charles III. Out at Estrella he drafted an ordinance for future homeowners that would have banned abortions and given the corporation control over the objects residents might bring into their homes (paintings, sculpture, magazines, books, newspapers). After a howl from the Phoenix newspapers, the proposal was quickly dropped and Keating claims he did not know about it before it hit print. He smiles and says his kids get a little zealous sometimes because they hate pornography, too.

When pressed on this interest (when he moved to Phoenix, CDL came with him), Keating appears almost baffled himself as to why he has devoted so much time and money to the cause when other people of equal moral caliber don't give the issue a thought. He has heard the speculation about himself, that his interest is possibly rooted in a secret appetite for forbidden fruit—a Jimmy Swaggart situation—and brushes aside such notions with a ready smile. No, he offers, he thinks his passion about the subject is probably rooted in nothing more than his Catholic beliefs about the family.

There is one other factor. In the early 1970s one of his daughters was kidnapped at gunpoint in broad daylight and brutally raped. He is quick to point out that he entered the fight against pornography long before this happened. But there is a feeling suspended in the air when he relates that day, a feeling that does not leave much question as to why he has stayed in the fight. Does he want this fact in print? Do whatever you want, he says.

When our hotel is open, if you know Ventana and La Paloma, you come up and look at ours and there really isn't



any comparison. It's six hundred rooms—that might look like a lot, but it's a unique situation and all I have to do is fill six hundred rooms every day of the year. If you start out on Monday and do it, it really isn't bad.

—Interview with Charles Keating, Jr., May 1988

Each morning 800 people walk up the winding road past the old Jokacke lodge, a small building where movie stars like Clark Gable once tasted the desert off Camelback Road (right on the Phoenix/Scottsdale line). This army of workers marches on a \$300 million dollar palace carved into the base of Camelback Mountain, the Phoenician. They have been working since January 1986 and they will finish by October 1, 1988, because Keating's staff has already booked conventions. The hotel will have 600 rooms, more than an acre of swimming pools, \$4 million of public sculpture, the requisite golf course and tennis courts. It will dwarf any existing destination resort in Arizona and will target the rich people of the planet, particularly of Southern California. The gift shop will not sell Playboy.

Actually, the whole hotel, in Charlie's eyes, was a mistake. Keating is one businessman who can admit mistakes: "A lot of business is luck, not skill." Originally, some Canadians started the venture and when they couldn't handle the project any longer, Keating took over. Keating figured he could syndicate the cost, and then the '86 change in the tax laws closed that door. He also had counted on hotels as a hedge against inflation (room rates can float with inflation). Then inflation remained flat as a pancake. So Keating blasted 165,000 cubic yards out of Camelback Mountain, preparing a pad for the inn, and then poured back 80,000 cubic yards of concrete for a firm base (enough, according to site superintendent Rex Owensby, for a fourfoot-wide sidewalk 600 miles long).

"We got trapped," Keating says,
"so I went for the higher-end market."

Keating is facing a market-share battle in Phoenix, which has the highest concentration of five-star resorts in the country. But Keating's Phoenician will be the biggest and baddest of them all. He has already laid off forty-five percent of the cost to investors in the Middle East and says that, contrary to rumors, he has plenty of cash to finish the job—"I'm not bragging, I'm just saying we don't owe." The rooms will go for about \$190 a day the first year and by the the second or third year will average \$290. Keating's market strategy is pretty simple: build "the best hotel in the world."

"I'm stupid," Keating explains, "but I'm not so stupid that I don't know that that's generally where everybody breaks their lance. The biggest number of failures is the guy who builds the imperial palace and then it gets resold twice, and it finally gets down to the guy who pays the right price to make

it work."

If all it takes is marble, Keating is home safe. The Phoenician may have gutted Italy's quarries. A marble staircase leading up from one restaurant is encased in slabs weighing between 150 and 400 pounds each—the workmen beam and explain that they spent all day laying in one eight-foot-by-eightfoot section. Near an elevator the walls gleam with book-match piecesmarble fashioned by taking a twelvefoot block and slicing it open like facing pages of a book so the streaks in one slab match the adjoining one. If one piece is broken, the quarrymen must go to an entirely new block. All the rooms have yet more marble in the bathrooms.

Everything in the Phoenician is big and expensive—the tubs and showers are big too. After all, the owner is familiar with the task of trying to ease his large frame into conventional hotel baths. The grand ballroom is nearly as large as a football field, and covered by a twenty-two-foot-high ceiling; the prereception areas gobble another 17,000 square feet, so that no one at a crowded event will ever have to wait for a cocktail. There are twenty-three conference meeting rooms and everything everywhere seems wired for state-of-the-art audio/visual equipment with satellite linkups—one set-up capable of simultaneous translation of broadcasts into several foreign languages.

"Another mistake," Keating sighs when the a/v system is mentioned. "It got away from us in the beginning, before we took over. We made a mistake—used professional managers, outside consultants, and so forth. When we got into it, we were so far along that the differences between going back to sanity and staying with Star Wars was, I think, about 500,000 bucks. But the damage had been done—installation, equipment ordered—so we stayed with Star Wars."

He trashed all the experts who had been crawling over the plans because he doesn't trust hired outsiders.

"We have to be responsible ourselves," he argues, "or it ain't going to

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VPP, Inc. 1806 W. Grant Rd., Suite 104 Tucson, Arizona 85745 work. I don't mind if it fails, facing failure. But it isn't going to fail because some professional German manager took over for me and blew it. They're going to know exactly where to point the finger if that baby goes down. And that's fine. I think that's the way you should live."

He canned the interior decorators and hired his wife Mary Elaine. Now the 3,600-square-foot entertainment bar will have a big koi pond with a baobab tree growing up and spreading all over the room.

Keating is a fiend for details. Every unit will have furniture from McGuire, a state-of-the-art rattan manufacturer. He sits in a McGuire chair and explains how to do a deal. Most hotels buy chairs that look like McGuires by going through purchasing agents who tack on twenty-three percent for installation ("all that means is they put it on the floor"). Often as not they stiff the customer with cheap Hong Kong copies of the real McGuire. The real McGuire costs \$720 a chair retail, but anybody can haggle the price down to \$360, or if you're real tough, down to \$325. Keating went straight to McGuire, told them he didn't want crummy copies, but that he would fill every nook and cranny of his hotel with their furniture. It was the biggest order the company had ever received. Charlie smiles, "We got the chairs for 240 bucks." Anyone who doubts Keating's hands-on management style should meet him for

dinner at his other hotel, the Crescent—a high-end businessmen's retreat near the Black Canyon Freeway alley of manufacturing plants—and watch him enter the lobby, wave at you and then go straight to the registration desk to check vacancies. Or talk to the guy who bought an existing \$4 million golf course at the Phoenician, then discovered it played too slowly and poured in another \$4.5 million to fix it.

The Phoenician is a physical model of Keating's style gone public-although he brushes aside snipers who claim it's an ego trip. Each of the squads of restaurants (one's on an island in the acre of pools and can be entered by bridges or through waterfalls) has its own kitchen so the food is always hot. One restaurant is built like a wine cellar, one room for drinking reds, another for whites. The outdoor hot tub holds thirty-two people, the health spa takes in 13,000 square feet, the golf clubhouse 47,000 square feet, the casitas (each with its own wall safe), 132,000 square feet. Six-inch copper heating pipes lace through the terraces for dining in the chill of fall and spring-extending the season against the competition. If they don't do the trick there are fire pits scattered like mushrooms. Down by a lower pool (covered with mother-ofpearl tile) there are cabanas for businesspeople so they can watch their mate and kids splash around and still plug their computers into lines, link up with the information networks of the

planet, and have phones ringing in their ears while on vacation.

All over the hotel are ceilings hand-painted from scaffolds by a Cincinnati artist, Jerry Klie, whom Charlie brought west to gussy up his properties. "We're using a lot of gold leaf," Klie allows. When guests enter the main lobby, their feet will click on the marble floor and above their heads a sculpted dish ceiling will loudly echo their arrival. In fact, when you arrive in Phoenic, by God, you'll know about the Phoenician. Behind it, Camelback Mountain will be aglow at night with blue sodium lights—a huge, brilliant landmark rising above the city.

After awhile the statistics numb the mind—an 8,500-square-foot theater with satellite linkup and 550 hand-held electronic devices so instant balloting can take place; a 100-foot water slide that will whip guests down a 38-foot drop into a waiting pool; roaming bands of Tongans plugging 1,500 adult palms into the grounds—and one is left with a simple question: Is this what Americans figure their friendly neighborhood savings & loan is up to? That is the question that has bedeviled Keating's life for years.

He remembers being raised in Cincinnati where it seemed every neighborhood had its own little S&L making quiet home loans with federally insured deposits and taking a small percentage profit on each deal. He says he would never want to be in a business

like that, and he isn't. Instead, Lincoln pumps its money into more speculative ventures, with potentially bigger profits. The Phoenician is one such example. If the hotel takes off, Keating wins big profits. But if the Phoenician fails, any depositors who might be affected are covered to the extent of government insurance. These are the kind of investments that sometimes put him at odds with the regulators.

"They changed the rules. I didn't change the rules. They changed the rules."

—Interview with Charles Keating, Jr., May 1988.

Fueled by the post-WWI building boom, there were 12,342 S&Ls in the country, holding twenty-four percent of all outstanding residential mortgages before the crash of 1929. Almost 5,000 thrifts disappeared during the Great Depression that followed as mortgage foreclosures zoomed. The government stepped in, federally guaranteeing deposits to help make mortgage money available to working people. In return for that guarantee, the feds tightly regulated how the S&Ls could invest deposits to control risk. And until the early 1980s, thrifts were tidy institutions basically preoccupied with their mission: paying modest interest rates to attract savings accounts, loaning that money out to home-buyers at higher interest, and

Charlie's Advice to Tucson

Charles Keating, Jr., has not ignored Tucson. He's done deals with Ernie Garcia and other local developers. American Continental Corporation has spent \$12 million preparing its 2,800 acres at Continental Ranch (once Lew McGinnis' Peppertree property), moving five million yards of dirt and plastering soil cement along four miles of the Santa Cruz for flood protection. Irked by dealing with Pima County's slow planning and zoning process, the company had Continental Ranch annexed to Marana.

The property, stretching for three and a half miles along I-10 at Cortaro Road, is a planned community for about 20,000 people with 8,000-9,000 lots under current zoning and 500 acres for industry—so far Excel Industries (kitchen cabinets), Coca-Cola, Sierra Pacific Airlines, Jones Intercable, Miles Label, Tusonix and Applied Magnetics have bought there. Model homes aimed at first-time buyers (\$70,000 to \$100,000 range) will begin sprouting this fall.

North of Tangerine Road, along the west side of Oracle Road, American Continental is involved as a lender and owner in the 14-square-mile, 8,000-acre Rancho Vistoso property. It sold the first 1,000 acres to Del E. Webb Communities for Sun City Vistoso, a retirement community planned for 2,900 homes. Rancho Vistoso has been annexed to Oro Valley at American Continental's request.

Planned as a total community for about 33,000 residents, Rancho Vistoso can have 13,000 units under allowable densities now, with homes planned in the \$80,000-\$170,000-plus range. Parcels already have been bought by three homebuilders—models are under construction by Vison and Falcon—and Husky Nozzle (for gas pumps) is the business park's first customer. Good Samaritan also has bought land for a hospital.

The company says it will take six to eight years to sell the land at Continental Ranch; ten to fifteen years at Vistoso. Actual buildout could be longer, especially if real estate and population growth remain sluggish. But because the Northwest Side is capturing half of the market now, the company hopes for a good share.

Basically, Keating sees Tucson as a community that can't get its act together. When asked, he's perfectly willing to explain why: "Tucson needs a little economic invigoration.

I don't know Tucson.... The only reason I'm down there now is my son liked a piece out on the highway called Continental Ranch. And then [Mesa developer] Conley Wolfswinkel came to me with the Vistoso piece. They caught me in a weak moment. I don't mean to be critical. I'm just saying that it just never impressed me as being economically viable and dynamic. To me it looks like Mississippi and Missouri—political leadership retards progress. I'm not talking like a developer now. It's just not there. It is factions.

"You've got land that's been bought and sold and speculated and you have partial development and immense industrial projects underway; you have large commercial opportunities waiting to be exploited and it's not being done—not working. Once something's been broached and then to not ever get it done—you create a tremendous drag and ill feeling around the whole community. And it's there—you can just feel it as you're driving through. Empty projects, immense projects that have nothing going for them.

"I'll tell you exactly what you have to have—Indianapolis, Indiana. That town is to me a total prototype for Tucson. The Lilly Foundation has poured hundreds of millions, if not billions, into Indianapolis. But it had

the cooperation of other charities, the business community and excellent political leadership.

The whole city has been revitalized on the fulcrum of amateur sports which has now grown into the professional. But the amateur is what did it because it made the city a sports mecca for everybody. The janitors didn't control the gyms, they opened them up to the public. They built Olympic-style swimming pools, tennis, track, and everybody could play. You didn't have be Jimmy Connors to get on the court and the janitor wasn't allowed to lock it against you. Pretty soon the whole town was involved. They pulled themselves into something that became very exciting.

"What they need in Tucson is something to coalesce around, something for participation and cooperation.

"Austin, too, now is down on its uppers, but it won't last, it'll come back. The university there projects itself into the community. The environmental controls are more stringent than anywhere else in the United States where American Continental operates. But it's not incompatible, it's common sense. It's not there just to fight. The environmentalists have got a way more legitimate point of view in my book than the developer does normally."

taking their profit from the differenceall with government insurance behind

But that left profits dependent on interest rates, housing demand and the amount of money people had for savings accounts at any given time. In the early '80s, the thrifts were hurting from a soaring interest-rate squeeze that cost them more money to attract new deposits than the interest payments they were receiving on long-term older mortgage loans made at lower rates. The government stepped in again, loosening the rules and allowing S&Ls to try riskier, but potentially more profitable, investments with federally guaranteed deposits.

It was called deregulation, part of Reaganomics. The wary feds later tightened up in 1985, allowing only ten percent of an S&L's assets to be placed in possibly risky direct investments in real estate projects and stocks. But by then, some states—notably Texas and California—had totally deregulated state-chartered thrifts, and suddenly some once-sedate institutions were able to provide money for large real estate speculation, corporate takeovers, low-rated business financing in the form of junk bonds, and to play the quicksilver international currencies and commodities markets.

This was the new financial climate Keating and American Continental entered when the company bought the totally deregulated Lincoln Savings & Loan of Irvine, California, in January 1984 for \$51 million. Lincoln soon moved most of its money out of mortgage loans, and put it into real estate, junk bonds and other investments, such as the Phoenician. It loaned many millions for Arizona real estate ventures. American Continental owns enough water rights to supply a city the size of Tucson.

Keating invested the funds that way because he believed he would make more money than he could from mortgages. He considers junk bonds, for example, as lifeblood for struggling businesses that can't get loans from pinstriped bankers. But the federal regulators, with their tightened rules, took one look and had the bureaucratic equivalent of a coronary.

The feds began a lengthy examination of Lincoln. In May 1987, some regulators in the San Francisco district of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, the Washington agency that polices federally insured thrifts, sought to have it placed under direct federal supervision. The Bank Board investigators disapproved of what the trade journal American Banker gingerly termed "heavy involvement in non-traditional thrift activities....'

Keating fought back ferociously. By 1988, the tables were turning, and the Washington, D.C., Bank Board was investigating Lincoln's treatment by the San Francisco examiners. And by May, Keating had beaten back the federal effort to take over supervision of

his thrift—and possibly had rid Lincoln of any further auditing by the San Francisco district.

A May 24 article in the American Banker revealed the settlement. After the unprecedented investigation of the San Francisco district, the Bank Board in Washington, D.C., decided it would supervise a new look at Lincoln's books by other examiners. If Lincoln clears, the Bank Board will permit it to acquire another S&L in one of eleven other supervisory districts and transfer Lincoln's headquarters and accountability to the new district. Lincoln, meanwhile, can keep its investments at current levels, although its parent, American Continental, has agreed to fuel Lincoln with an additional \$10 million in capital by buying preferred stock.

What the business jargon meant in the financial world was that Keating had won in what many saw as the biggest fight in memory between a banker and the watchdogs. The outfit that had considered taking over direct supervision of Keating's savings & loan had backed down. A Bank Board spokesman quickly framed it another way: "The agreement isn't a rebuff of the San Francisco bank [examiners]. There are only winners."

But one side effect of this fight was that the Bank Board, an institution normally as sealed to the public as the Vatican, began to leak like a sieve. The

preliminary San Francisco examination report, about two hundred pages of rolling thunder, reached the press. And when an article based on it (first published in Regardie's, a powerful Washington business magazine) then appeared in Arizona Trend last year, Lincoln sued the Phoenix-based business magazine for \$35 million in damages. When City Magazine began talking to the author of both pieces, Jack Anderson reporter Michael Binstein (who was not named in the suit), Keating's New York public relations firm and New York law firm sent letters warning that such a piece could result in a lawsuit. In fact, the interview with Keating that laces through this story resulted from





an agreement by City Magazine not to use the preliminary San Francisco examination report—a year-old document American Continental considers misappropriated, inaccurate and defamatory.

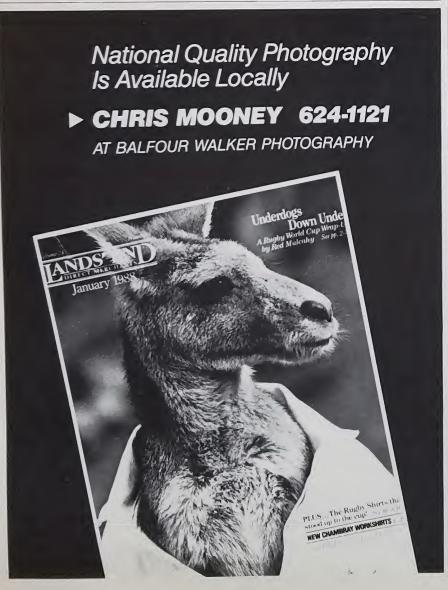
And, for the time being, Keating appears to have been vindicated by the settlement with the Bank Board. What the Wall Street Journal characterized as an apparent major victory for Keating came at a time when the feds fear the savings & loan industry may need an intensive care unit as a result of reduced regulation from the early '80s. According to a June Bank Board report, losses totaled \$6.8 billion nationally in the industry last year, although sixtynine percent of the thrifts (including Lincoln) remain profitable. In Pima County, according to a private consultant's report, while some S&Ls were profitable last year, in aggregate the local industry lost \$31 million, mostly on real estate investments gone

The Bank Board lists more than 500 savings & loans—out of 3,200 nationally—that are insolvent, and another 300 to 500 with very little net worth. In June, two high-flying thrifts crashed and burned in California, at a cost of \$1.3 billion from the federal insurance fund to cover deposits. Federal officials figure it may take as much as \$36 billion to pay off total losses on the horizon; private analysts put the number at

closer to \$50 billion, pointing it an expensive bailout by the tax parents. Some eager thrifts have plunked driven depositors' money for everything from Arabian horse sperm to oil fields to windmill farms. One Texas 5&1 cm-sidered opening a branch on the moon

Keating, the man who hates rules now has to live in a world where the old rules are returning, but he doesn't hesitate to fight for what he believes Three years ago, when the feds-under then-Bank Board chairman Edwin Gray-ratcheted back deregulation, he reportedly raised \$11 million to try to prevent it. He himself had switched from a builder of 5,000 homes a year to a financial player because he read the demographics of an aging population as meaning fewer home buyers in the future. "That's one of my problems," he says in explaining his conflicts with the government. "My philosophy doesn't leave me making loans on homes." In his eyes, he simply bought a deregulated thrift and then the government changed its mind and re-imposed regulations—and he found himself trapped in a bureaucratic prison he loathes. And he can't easily get out, with billions of deposit dollars buried in investments the feds suddenly decided they no longer liked.

A symbol of his dislike of federal regulations is seen at corporate head-quarters. In earlier years, he tangled with Paul Volcker, the former power-





ful head of the Federal Reserve Board, who considers the kind of banking deals going on now as "kamikaze banking." The lobby of one of Keating's corporate buildings is decorated with a bronze statue of a grizzly bear in a death struggle with a tomahawkwielding Indian. The brass plate reads, "Volcker and Keating."

They can't pay people according to their merit. They can't fire people when they're incompetent. They can't hire good people at will. It's a situation out of control. They reduce everybody to the lowest common denominator. They have pay grades; they pay the position, not the person. They're not in a position where they can treat you properly. I don't know. It's just a lousy place to work. Consequently, they get lousy work.

—Charles Keating, Jr. on the federal bureaucracy, *Arizona Business Gazette*, February 27, 1984.

The conflict spins around two different world views. Keating thinks the old way of running thrifts, dependent on the home-buying world, will eventually run them into the ground. The Bank Board regulators, at least many of them, see some of the non-traditional thrift investments as a one-way ticket to bankruptcy. For Keating, the clash was not an idle philosophical debate; it was a war. The seriousness of the battle is evident in a meeting that took place a little over a year ago.

It is April 9, 1987, and the San Francisco examination is still going on. Night has fallen on Capitol Hill as five senators and a squad of Bank Board officials meet in the office of Arizona Sen. Dennis DeConcini. Sen. John Glenn from Ohio is there; so are Sen. Don Riegle of Michigan (the head of the Senate Banking Committee), Sen. Alan Cranston of California, Sen. John McCain from Arizona and, of course, DeConcini. The five senators represent a lot of clout—they also represent a lot of campaign contributions, since together they have received, according to the Arizona Republic, around \$300,000 raised by Keating and his companies and staff. The tally runs: Riegle \$70,000, Cranston \$41,900, Glenn \$34,000, McCain \$112,000, DeConcini \$43,000.

DeConcini will later explain it as typical Hill business, "just another example of elected representatives going to bat for a constituent who appeared to be getting pushed around by bureaucrats." A year later, McCain still anguishes over the meeting: "I have no background or knowledge of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. I know a lot about Indian affairs and defense.... I've never been invited to this sort of thing, so I wasn't sure what was going on. I stayed awake worrying about the appearance of impropriety." A year after the meeting, when the

Detroit News broke the story of Riegle's presence there and his sizeable campaign contributions from Keating's supporters, the senator returned the money.

This May, when asked, "What about that meeting a year ago during your regulatory fight—every senator in the room had received heavy contributions from you?" Keating had no hesitation in responding. "Damn right," he said. "I'm telling you, all I wanted then was to get it [the bank examination process] over with. Senator Glenn put it best. He said you can jail him or you can free him but just make a decision. And that is what we asked for. Hey, look, we're domiciled in Ohio [Ameri-

can Continental is chartered there], so we had Senator Glenn; we have a hotel in Michigan, so we had Senator Riegle; we operate out of California, so we had Senator Cranston; we live in Arizona where our headquarters are. Those were the senators. We went to them and we said, 'Hey, look, we cannot survive anymore [with the examination hanging over Lincoln]. We don't want you to go in and say anything but expedite.' Two years was more than a year longer than any examination we'd ever heard of before in history. Make a decision. The biggest problem a businessman has is cutting through, getting it done. Time is just critical. The cost of

Most of the federal officials in the room in the April 1987 meeting were from the San Francisco office. What none of the senators realized was that the Bank Board folk were making detailed notes of the talk, notes that would be shipped to Chairman Gray in Europe immediately. The notes still exist. Both DeConcini and McCain confirmed that the notes were substantially accurate.

The meeting opens with Glenn and DeConcini taking the offensive against the bureaucrats. "To be blunt," Glenn says, "you should charge them or get off their backs. If things are bad there, get to them." In American Continental's eyes, he adds, it took a down-

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and-out thrift, Lincoln, and made it profitable. DeConcini points out that Lincoln is willing to roll back on its more speculative investments, and anyway, it is a very profitable thrift, so what is the problem? McCain says American Continental is a big Phoenix employer but that he "doesn't want any special favors for them." Riegle takes the high ground: "The appearance from a distance is that this thing is out of control and has become a struggle between Keating and Gray, two people I gather who have never even met. The appearance is that it's a fight to the death." The feds just sit there while the lecture rolls on.

Then Richard Sanchez, the San Francisco office supervisory agent for Lincoln, makes a jab. "Our 1984 examination," he says, "showed significant appraisal deficiencies. Mr. Keating promised to correct the problem. Our 1986 examination showed that the problems had not been corrected...." The meeting pauses, as the senators troop out to the Senate floor for a vote.

When they return, Sanchez picks up where he left off, and his words are not the mild vagaries of a bureaucrat. "Lincoln," he says, "had underwriting problems with all their investments.... It had no loan underwriting policy manual in effect when we began our 1986 exam...."

DeConcini won't buy this argument: "Are you saying their underwriting practices were illegal or just not the best practice?"

Another federal official jumps in saying the practices "are unsafe and unsound...." Then Michael Patriarca, the director for agency functions, a man with twenty-five years under his belt policing big commercial banks for the Treasury Department, says, "They're flying blind on all of their different loans and investments."

Glenn: "Some people don't do the kind of underwriting you want. Is their judgment good?"

"That approach might be okay if they were doing it with their own money," Patriarca allows. "They aren't, they're using federally insured deposits."

Riegle has had enough now and asks, "Where's the smoking gun? Where are the losses?" James Cirona, head of the San Francisco office, responds simply, "This is a ticking time bomb."

The feds question Lincoln's listed \$49 million profits in 1986 based on its accounting system. The punch-counter-punching continues. The feds are not trying to be nice. They denounce an audit by a big New York accounting firm with the quick judgment that such outfits are more than willing to prostitute themselves for a client. They state that they are going to make a criminal referral to the Justice Department on Lincoln's behavior. They are coy about whether they will seize supervision of the thrift from its owner's control—the audit won't be

done for another seven to ten days, they explain, so how can they answer that question now? They argue that American Continental and Lincoln have buried a ton of money in real estate projects in Phoenix and Tucson that the market can't absorb for years and years.

Finally, William Black, counsel for the Bank Board, says, "What it all comes down to is that Congress has been on our ass, and many of us think rightly, to act before an institution fails. That's what we're doing here...."

McCain then asks about Lincoln, "Have they tried to work it out?"

"We've met with them numerous times," Cirona replies. "I've never seen such cantankerous behavior."

The meeting staggers along; one can sense the senators pulling back from the defense of American Continental and Lincoln. The regulators are relentless in their responses to questions.

"I think my colleague Mr. Black put it right," Patriarca says, "when he said it's like these guys put it all on sixteen black in roulette. Maybe they'll win, but I can guarantee you that if an institution continues such behavior it will eventually go bankrupt."

"Well," Riegle says, "I guess that's pretty definitive."

pretty definitive." It is 8:20 p.m. on Capitol Hill, the meeting has droned on for two hours. And so it ends. The following month, the San Francisco office recommends that the Bank Board place Lincoln under direct supervision. Nothing happens. In mid-summer, Gray leaves the agency to be replaced by M. Danny Wall, a former senate aide to Utah's Jake Garn and a man more sympathetic to the investment innovations introduced by men like Keating (actually, Keating backed a different candidate). And in May 1988, Charles Keating, Jr., wins his battle, saying festering disagreement between Lincoln and San Francisco resulted in a bad relationship. In his eyes, the situation has been preposterous. He buys a deregulated thrift, then invests the money in such a way that national publications rate his holding company as one of the hottest in the country. In an economy where many of its competitors are going belly up, Lincoln reports a \$41 million profit in 1987, even while initiating \$18.7 million in traditional home loans. Lincoln hasn't gone bankrupt. And for this, Keating gets one of the longest and most rigorous audits in history. So he fights very, very hard—and wins very, very big.

He may never again have to deal with the boys from San Francisco. He and his staff suspend their day-and-night work habits briefly and break out some bottles of champagne at the office. Basically, Keating has met the challenge: he has faced the full weight of the government's bureaucracy and, by God, they blinked.

And now he's through with the politicians; he's drastically cutting back campaign contributions. They come to

him for his money and then they pass these laws about disclosure and drag his name through the newspapers.

"We don't do it anymore," he explains. "We don't need our name in the paper, and we've withdrawn from contributing.... If the politicians want laws that expose their contributors to ridicule and approbation, that's fine with me, it's their business. But they don't need me as a contributor."

When we were in the home building business, we had a couple of home owners who didn't like our refrigerator or something, so they go to the press. There was a great big exposé. We'd enjoyed a great reputation as a home builder. We got mad. We called the Arizona Republic and said, "Hey, screw you. We're your largest advertiser."

They said, "Okay, fine. Drop the advertising."

So they didn't give a damn. I finally decided they meant it.

-Interview with Charles Keating, Jr., May 1988

Night is falling and Charlie Keating's day is not yet over. He arrives at his Crescent hotel, checks those vacancy figures, and leads the way to a table in the restaurant-named Charlie's. He stops to speak to the maître d', chats with the hostess, says a few words to the piano player. Champagne appears in a bucket. He looks as fresh as he did in the morning. The appetizer comes—a plate of celery, carrots, olives—and Keating munches and allows that they finally got the damn thing right. Details.

He recommends the prime rib (aged twenty-one days) and when it appears, its size suggests that the chef could only cut one or two off a whole steer. He is willing to talk. For a man sometimes called a recluse, he talks easily, with the air of a person who knows who he is and can live with what he knows.

And he talks business.

He goes out to the Phoenician often. "I'm hellbent for election that these hotels are going to make it good because of all the criticism," he says. "So I pay minute attention to the Phoenician. I know every inch of it, I know who's there, and I know who's working on it."

Charlie makes a point of knowing who's working on what in his empire. When he walks the halls of headquarters he greets people by name with a smile and a how-are-you. Details.

"That little girl at the desk," he explains at the restaurant, "that's the first time I've been in here that I've been satisfied with the hostess. She's a girl that's in our management training program. She's one of our kind. We selected her. In the hotel people we had earlier, the attitude wasn't there, the willingness to take that job and still know you'll be treated fairly, that you can advance if you do that job well. If

you do this job well it's the same as being a big shot. You get a chance, you'll get respect."

He's philosophizing and at ease. But business never waits—three men putting in a new plant at American Continental's Estrella development drop by the table and Keating shifts gears to shop talk about the project. When they leave, he peers across the room at their wine glasses trying to puzzle out what vintage to ship to their table.

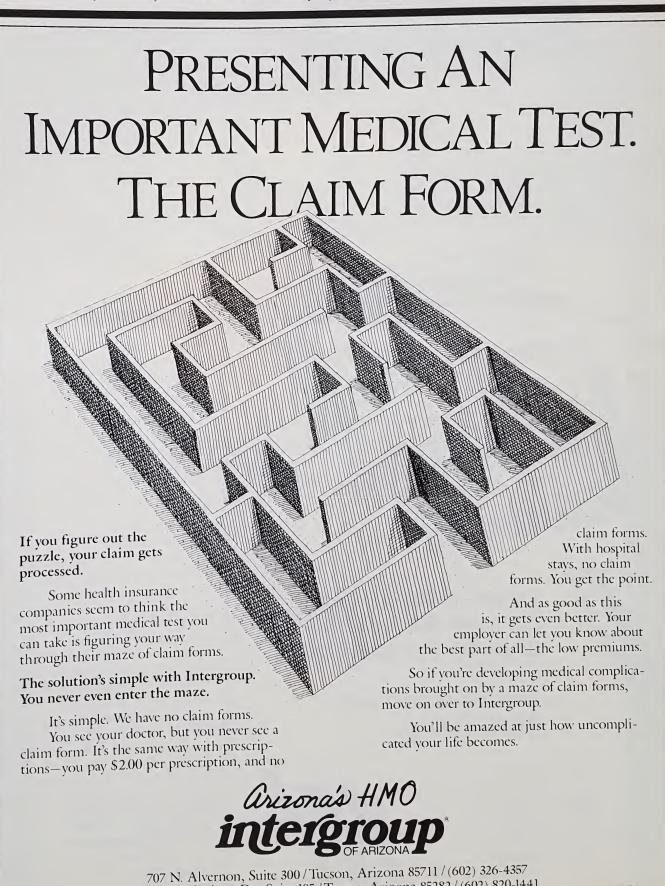
The piano man plays "Sweet Georgia Brown" and Charlie returns to his theme. The tellers in his savings & loan are personable, so that people will like giving them money. And they all look

good. He tells of a Hollywood guy he does business deals with, and how he came to Charlie's office and was struck by the women. Later, when Keating was in L.A. on business and at a movie star dinner, his friend said, "You ought to see Charlie's office." Keating didn't get it at first and then he thought, "What the guy is looking for, we've got: good, wholesome all-American types—the California blonde with blue eyes." The Stepford Company.

His employees have no staff manual with rules to follow. They either work out or they are fired. Keating says his only regret is that it took him a while in business to learn you should fire fast. Some people don't belong in tary was typing a legal document when

some jobs (he tends to give those people nice severance). He likes to hire people with an upbeat attitude, women, particularly, with scrubbed, wholesome looks, because they create a nice environment. The company is loaded with women in high-paying management positions. American Continental has a one-chair barbershop in its headquarters so employees will not waste time getting a trim; lunch is catered—people don't have to lose work time. He once gave a Corvette to a woman in his mail room for some job well done. He demands and rewards

Once, the story goes, a new secre-



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Keating and his lawyers came out of a meeting. The attorneys bombarded her with changes that must be made. Charlie leaned over and said, "Don't change a single thing," and then walked off. The lawyers tore into the woman again—make the changes, we're his legal brains, do as we say, he doesn't know what he's talking about. She made the changes. Later she was called in and reprimanded. The incident was staged as a test. She flunked. Loyalty.

He thinks if people work in a place where everyone looks nice and is cheerful, then they will do better work. The desk tops must be cleaned off completely each night—no files, no Rolodex, not so much as a paper clip. American Continental Corporation is not the world of the American civil servant.

He seems to hire off instinct. Terry Wilson, his vice president in charge of marketing, was discovered in an Irish castle singing ballads for tourists. Keating and his family listened, and offered air fare so that Terry and his wife could visit the United States. They did. Keating sent him a note after he arrived, "Terry, why don't you come work for me? Why don't you write? Charlie." Wilson explains it this way, through an Irish brogue: "That's a typical Charlie Keating approach to life: he gave me an opportunity, I grasped it, and I worked hard at it. Charlie is Charlie. He pays extremely well and he expects the best. We shook hands on the deal that I could go home to Ireland for three months a year. He has never reneged on that." Wilson now drives a silver Mercedes with a car phone.

Then there are the Tongans. A picture of the group, row after row of squat, barechested muscular guys, hangs in the company lunch room (the brass plate on the photograph says "ACC Collection Agents"). Keating was up in Salt Lake City at a pig roast one of his executives hosted and Tongans were the chefs. Tongan girls did a hula. The islanders were doing some landscaping on an American Continental project up there.

"'Hey,' Keating said, 'why in the hell don't you come down to Phoenix—landscaping is impossible in Phoenix.' So they did and where the chief goes everybody goes. So we ended up with more than one hundred Tongans. A very physical culture—they think fat is beautiful." The Tongans formed a soccer team, even though they'd never had a team before, went to California for a semi-pro tournament and placed seventh in a field of one hundred.

Tonight Keating is a winner. The feds have been temporarily cowed and he can look back at the long fight with some detachment. This is a day when he is willing to consider the war he'd been in for several years.

Keating entertains the thought that maybe S&Ls should never have been deregulated, and maybe, for the sake of argument, federally insured dollars should not be at risk. But the deal was

done. If the feds want to back out, they should give the thrifts maybe ten years to retreat from the positions they now hold. Personally, he thinks if left alone he can make more money with the deposits than the old cautious-style thrift ever dreamed of making. After all, he works maybe a hundred hours a week ("I know how many hours I'm working, I know there's only 168 hours in a week"), but he's not a workaholic. he says. He's just stuck in a "very difficult environment." He's got billions of dollars tied up in a very dangerous world. He makes sure to spend time with his family, even if they have to visit with him at his office.

How about getting out? Oh, God, he'd like to do that sometimes. What would he do? Keating hesitates, as if he has never really entertained the possibility before. "What would I do if I walked?" he asks himself, still searching. "I might do some business."

He steadily tears into his enormous prime rib. "How do you like it?" he asks politely.

What does he want out of life? What did he want to be as a boy?

He gives a look—do you really want to know that?

"I never had a game plan for tomorrow," he decides. "I never thought I ought to be this or that. I was a lawyer because my father wanted me to be a lawyer. I was a Navy pilot because I thought that was great. I was a swimmer because people clapped when you won. Now if you sat me down and said, 'What would you rather be doing?' I could think of some alternatives."

So he thinks and finally says, "People are lucky to be born."

But there are lots of things he hardly seems to think about at all. How does he justify pay from American Continental of \$3.2 million a year?

At first he is flustered, insisting he only makes about two million. And then, when reminded by his son of the bonuses and stock options, he argues that after the tax collectors get through with him it's only about one million.

"There's a lot of risk involved," he points out. "Tomorrow, I could be making zero. That's a lousy answer. You can sit here and holler it's too much or it's too little but I don't know what to tell you. I think I'm worth more than Reggie Jackson. I work a helluva a lot harder. I don't get much time off. That's not a reason to get paid though. The guys didn't get much time off when they built the pyramids and all they got paid was with the whip."

Keating offers an odd kind of candor. He is not so much revealing as unconcerned with what others think of his answers. Business? When he was in homebuilding, he got burned in Denver, burned in Salt Lake, burned in Seattle, and escaped disaster in Houston only because he didn't manage to get in before the market collapsed. Tucson he figures basically as a mistake—the town, in his eyes, is stalled in a kind of backwater like Mississippi or

Missouri. No leadership, he shrugs. Estrella he figures will work out, but that in part is happenstance. When he bought it he didn't realize they would finish the final chunk of I-10 by the property so soon. And then he started peddling the place as L.A.'s newest suburb (just six hours down the interstate) and Southern California manufacturers like Rubbermaid loved the idea. Any conversation with Charlie Keating is replete with explanations of how, after hard thought and murderous work, a deal still depends in part on luck. He convinces one that this verbal tic is not some knock-on-wood superstition but the result of experience out in the markets of the world.

Dinner is winding down. He tackles a dessert. Tomorrow will be a great day. He is flying up to Gallup in one of the company planes to be with Mother Teresa. "We're good friends with that lady," he says. Only God and his accountants know what action he's been through today in his glass-lined computer room. His eyes constantly drift across the dining room as he eats, seemingly counting heads, calculating the gross. He can't shut it down. It's not his job, it's his life. This is Charlie Keating.

He is anxious to join the table of executives who are putting the plant in Estrella. He looks to see if these questions are finally at an end.

Do you ever worry about going broke? The man juggling \$5 billion has just been stopped by a naive question.

"All the time, every day," he says, his voice rising. "It's part of the problem of what we're doing. It's something the press and public doesn't appreciate. I come into the office with this hollow feeling in my stomach lots of time. We're not clipping coupons, we're not living off our old man's wealth. It's not a friendly situation. It looks good and I'm sure a lot of guys think they'd enjoy it."

He is totally involved with the question. His fork is still.

"A lot of times I wonder," he continues, "if I made a mistake when I left the Navy Air Corps. You get trapped almost. You get too many responsibilities. I look at some of these young girls and young guys [employees], they've got families that count on you. It takes a lot. Maybe a startup company like ours survives and becomes big and viable and impregnable in twenty-five years or so, but that sure isn't us yet."

He pauses, just a second. He senses he has given an answer, but not the

"It's a bellyful to carry," he rolls on.
"It's risky. Dangerous. There's the possibility of failure with it every day and every night. But in a way it's a challenge, it's invigorating. There isn't any point in not being a player—you're here."

But there is more, and he knows it. "It's not only the money," he explains. "It's the disgrace: yourself, your manhood. I'm not sure I'd have a big problem with that. On the other hand,

I'm not sure I wouldn't."

He is alone. He is always alone. His corporate headquarters is like the family rec room, with daughters and grandchildren, wife and son popping in. But still he is alone. His staff is replete with lawyers, accountants and vice-presidents. But this doesn't change his solitude. He operates in well defined, crowded arenas—bonds, stocks, currencies, real estate, hotels—but he is not really part of any organization. He makes the decisions on the McGuire chairs, the shifts of francs, yens and marks. American Continental exists in buildings, stock certificates, developments, brochures, but mainly it exists where Charlie Keating happens to be at the moment. He is sitting in the crowded glass room, the eyes are intense as numbers flash across the computer screen, his face a mask of concentration. Alone.

It's the thrill of that leg of the 400-meter relay in the forties and a world record is within reach. It's that first big fee in the '50s and you sit in the bedroom with a brown bag throwing ten thousand one-dollar bills in the air. It's Phoenix in the late '70s and you bet everything on a hot home-building market. It's the '80s and you bet a bundle of a thrift's money on the dizzying currency fluctuations of the globe. It's the game, the action, the risk. The Phoenician will open on time in

1988. The rooms will be filled. The junk bonds will pay off. Estrella will be the model city of 200,000 people for the twenty-first century. The Orient will splash money across the Southwest and American Continental and Arizona will be there with buckets to catch the wave off the Pacific Rim. Arizona can't miss, he says. Estrella is a suburb of L.A.; the Phoenician is its playground.

Charlie Keating gets up. Dinner is over. He ambles across the room to the table of visiting execs. The workday never ends. Somewhere a computer is flickering and other human beings are betting on markets, futures, slabs of ground, acres of wheat, rooms full of bullion....







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Thomas A. Van Atta, owner of the Ship's Store. Photo by Chris Mooney

Schoolers What are all these sailors doing in Tucson?

The skipper pushes down on the tiller and lets out sail to eatch the wind. Suddenly, the boat heels and is underway, gliding across the water toward the Catalina Mountains. Sailing in Tucson? You bet.

Twenty-five years ago there wasn't a sailboat in Tucson. Today there are roughly 4,000 registered in Arizona; some estimates put up to 1,000 of those in Pima County.

Sailboats can be as pricey as a home in the foothills, or as inexpensive as ten tanks of gas for a car. Most boats bought and sold in Tucson are in the \$1,000 to \$10,000 range.

The smallest sailboat is a five-foot, handmade wooden dinghy that can be car-topped easily or transported in a truck or van. The largest trailerable boat is roughly thirty feet long, made of lightweight fiberglass.

Tucson sailors don't want any part of noisy motors and see no skill in roaring about in a "stink pot" (motorboat) that drives like a car. They hoist sail to enter a natural world. To them, sailing is an art, a sport, a state of mind.

The afternoon clouds are scudding across the sky as Charles Anthony Chavez, thirty-six, a custodian for Tucson Unified School District, winds up a couple of hours sailing on Tucson's Silverbell Lake.

"I paid \$200 for my twelve-foot Snark," he says, picking it up handily and shoving it into his van. "It glides right over the weeds and is easy in shallow water. I like sailing on the lakes close by. It's relaxing." His first time out, Chavez got a lot of helpful tips from other sailors. He also got a ticket from the Arizona Game and Fish Department because his boat wasn't licensed.

The Peter T. Burgards are a two-boat family. They sail a twenty-three-footer on sea cruises and the large desert lakes, but they've held onto their first boat, an eight-foot Sabot they bought fourteen years ago.

"It cost \$300 secondhand," says Burgard, a Tucson native who works for the Pima County Sheriff's Department. "We didn't even know where to go with it at first." They took the dinghy to Lake Patagonia on a cold November day and entered a

Judy D. Burgard, who teaches Personnel Management on the Tucson campus of the University of Phoenix, shakes her head. "We got to the first mark and capsized, swam the boat back to shore and started again." They capsized twice more that day, but those were the last times. "You learn," says Judy, "you learn." Last year when the Phoenix-based Arizona Sailing Club challenged the Tucson Sailing Club to a race, their choice of weapons was the Sabot. Judy entered the race in their old boat and won first place.

The Burgards love sailing Roosevelt Lake with their four-year-old son, gliding by petroglyphs on the sheer canyon walls. "The nicest thing about the desert lakes," says Peter, "is you see lots of wildlife on shore. Eagles, coyotes, deer. A sailboat lets you in close without disturbing them."

"San Carlos is my favorite place to sail," says Steve Renneckar, forty-three, real estate lawyer and member of the Oro Valley Town Council. "Ilove to sail," he says, then adds, "I'm a fanatic."

Talking to Renneckar, you notice the sky-blue eyes, the flashing smile, the bright, quick mind. Only later do you realize Steve Renneckar has lost his legs. It happened in the Florida Keys.

"March 21, 1967, at 2:15 in the afternoon, 13,800

volts of electricity went through me," says Renneckar. "Power lines connect to all the islands over water down there. One power line was way too low. I let it sneak up on me from the other side of the sail where I couldn't see it. I was pinned to my boat for

about a minute. I was conscious for ten seconds...had my hand on the tiller which was making contact with the water. Wasn't in pain...just a Brrrrr going through me. The boat was on fire. I had third-degree burns over forty percent of my body. My left foot was blown off...my right foot was burned half through at the ankle. The voltage entry point was through the feet...exit point was the back of the thighs. The holes in my thighs were charred to the bone. The tiller melted out of my right hand. The circuit broke and I fell into the water.'

Renneckar was dead on the dock when the ambulance arrived and the driver administered CPR. His coma lasted for days. He regained consciousness trying to figure out if he were alive or dead

"I explored the massive damage. The bandages. I put my fist inside a hole in my leg.... I could smell gangrene and I knew I was going to start losing things," says Renneckar. "I kept remembering the shock. The tremendous shock.

When both legs were amputated above the knees, Renneckar didn't go through the depression, the denial or the anger that's associated with loss. "I kept thinking, 'I made it. So that's not too bad.' People ask me, 'How can you go sailing after what you've been through?' I tell 'em it wasn't the sailboat that did it to me."

Renneckar enjoys racing, but he loves to sail his twenty-eight-footer, Bahari ("the sea" in Swahili), out in the Sea of Cortez where he won't see another boat for days. "Whether racing or cruising, it takes intense concentration to sail well," Renneckar says, and then he laughs. "Truth is, I like to work my way out of problems."

Thomas A. Van Atta is leafing through a boating catalogue behind the counter in his shop, Ship's Store. Two small parrots patrol their perches, talking bird talk. There are Winslow Homer prints on the walls and a captain's chair by his desk. Van Atta, more than anyone else, is responsible for fostering sailing in our

"I grew up in Tucson," says Van Atta, "and twenty years ago there were maybe seven or eight sailboats in the whole town. I had a friend from the east who had a Sabot that I thought was pretty neat."

Van Atta found a used Sabot and spent a couple of months rebuilding it. Finally, he got to sail it across the San Carlos Reservoir up near Globe. He had a great ride—for as long as it lasted. Van Atta couldn't sail his boat back.

"I walked around the lake pulling my boat along in the water," he says. As he tells the story he isn't laughing; he isn't even smiling. "I decided the boat didn't work; I sold it to a guy for fifty dollars."

The boat worked fine for the guy who bought it, because the man knew how to sail. Van Atta bought another sailboat, read sailing magazines, sent away for books and learned how to sail.

stocked up on boat parts. Before long he was ordering and selling parts because other Tucson sailors couldn't find them in town. He started ordering whole boats.

Fifteen years ago, at the age of thirty-nine, he quit a lucrative position at Royal Crown Cola and opened the only sailboat store in Tucson, out on East Speedway. A lot of people thought he was crazy.

His shop is an island surrounded by sailboats. There's a swimming pool out front where he can take a dip or float the smaller boats. When a regatta comes up and he wants to attend, he closes the store and goes sailing. Who's crazy now?

"I have fun. If it weren't fun it wouldn't make much sense doing it." No smile. Van Atta is serious about his fun. His glance takes in the traffic roaring and snarling down Speedway. "Sailing's a quiet sport. A safe sport. Even sailing into a brick wall, it's not likely you'll hurt yourself because everything happens at three to five miles an hour," he says. "Even in heavy weather your chances are good. A sailboat is safer than a motorboat because it becomes part of the wind and the water." With an almost imperceptible headshake at the traffic, he goes back to his catalogue.

The Tucson Sailing Club, started in 1970, meets monthly. Tonight about eighty members are gathered in the conference room at the Plaza Hotel. There's a congenial hum as men and women, mostly wearing polo shirts and windbreakers with the club logo on them, hail each other and gather in groups.

Robert G. Patrick, Commodore, gavels the meeting to order. "Any boats for sale? Anybody want to talk about their new boat?"

Patrick has been in the planning and development game in Tucson for over twenty years. His wife Judy is administrative assistant to Pima County Supervisor, Reg Morrison.

"I thought I needed a sailboat like I needed a shot in the foot," says Patrick. "We went out to buy an eight-foot Sabot and ended up buying a much bigger boat. Now we have a twenty-five-foot sailboat."

Commodore Patrick hands out yearly awards for everything from "Sailing The Least Distance In A New Boat Before Beaching It Award" to the admired "The Sailor of the Year Award." This year that award goes to a woman. Her Name is Ruth C. Bell.

Bell recently made a 3,000-mile, twenty-seven day, transatlantic crossing in a thirty-three-foot catamaran with two other Tucson Sailing Club members, Bill Maynard and Robert Price. They sailed in the second Atlantic Rally for Cruisers, a race from the Canary Islands to Barbados. Tonight's program consists of the movies and slides from this voyage.

Bell, a woman with easy poise and aristocratic Whenever Van Atta went to San Diego, he good looks, is a psychiatrist. She's seen a lot of changes in sailing since she was a kid growing up beside the ocean in Virginia. There were only two girls in her home town of Norfolk out sailing. She was

"I started sailing when I was ten," says Bell. "I had a sixteen-foot Snipe I loved to race in Chesapeake Bay."

When she moved to Tucson eighteen years ago, her Snipe was in the moving van. Bell only got to use it a few times before the wooden racer developed cracks from the desert dryness.

"Eight years ago I found I was missing sailing terribly," says Bell. "I bought a thirteen-foot Banshee,







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a high-performance, fiberglass racer, joined the sailing club and raced on Silverbell Lake."

Bell feels strongly about women learning to sail "It's fun, but it's more complex than many sports." she says. "Sailing builds confidence because you're forced to face your fears."

She shakes her soft gray-brown curls and says, "Women aren't raised to be courageous; they're encouraged to be passive. Sailing can be scary. Doubly so for women because of their conditioning. Sailing is risky and it's frightening to learn. When things go wrong they go wrong quickly."

She's taught sailing to women in the past and would like to continue to teach in a program where women teach women. "Experience is the antidote," she says.

Part of her frustration over women not learning to sail is because she knows how good it can be. Some of Bell's best moments were spent with her husband, William C. Bell, in their twenty-seven-foot Catalina, named in Spanish Alegria. Happiness.

"The most desirable sailing combination is a man and a women," she says. "Their skills naturally complement. It can work in a business arrangement, but if it's in a loving relationship, it's the icing on the cake. It's fabulous!"

Bell's ocean crossing fulfilled a childhood dream, but it was more than that. Taken a year after the death of her husband, the voyage was a healing passage as well. She had the early morning watch. "I got to see twenty-seven ocean dawns," she says softly. "That's what I want to remember. The dawns."

Bill Maynard, forty-nine, raised in Tucson, made the trip with Bell and Robert Price in Price's catamaran. Maynard won "Most Improved Sailor of the Year Award." He and his wife Charl, a librarian at Wilmot Public Library, are planning to sail to Europe in their thirty-four-foot sloop, The Free Spirit. Sailing remains a relatively inexpensive way to see the world, but that's not what hooked them on sailing.

Maynard understands motors. Co-owner of Skip's Auto Supply and Skip's Second Opinion, an auto evaluation shop, he admits to a late start in sailing. He and Charl discovered sailing when they went with a friend to Rocky Point six years ago.

"A porpoise leaped up alongside, so close I could almost touch it," says Maynard, "and I thought, 'This is it.' It doesn't get any better than this."

Maynard says he's glad he made the ocean voyage despite the difficulties. The trade winds never showed up, but two gales did. Sails tore and parts broke. The Tucson sailors were becalmed for eight days staring out at an ocean as still as a mirror. Five miles out of Barbados in an ink-black night an enormous wave from the rear sent the catamaran sliding sideways in a sickening descent over the Continental Shelf.

They had a visit from a long, dark stranger. "A fifteen-foot shark, half as long as the boat, came up and gave us a big leer," says Maynard. And then, like a benediction, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, porpoises, a pod of them, showed up and played beside the boat all afternoon.

Maynard pauses, "I think there's something. A connection? I don't know. Porpoises are so...reassuring. It's hard to explain. I fell asleep listening to them play."

Victor J. Borg, who looks like Willy Nelson with shorter hair, is in the sailing club too. He owns one boat and he's building another. Today he's sitting in a comfortable armchair in a large storeroom stacked with leather pieces at Stewart Boot Company, Inc., his place of business. He's wearing an old Greek fishing cap, brown plaid cowboy shirt, a tooled belt and

"I'd like to just get on my boat and head out," he says. "They could just say, 'He's on a business trip' if anybody calls. It'd be true. The name of my boat is Abiznistrip.

"I had two beliefs about sailboats before I started," Borg says. "One, they were expensive. Wrong. Two, what you do on a sailboat is sit. Wrong."

He laughs and sets the record straight. "When vou hear the wind in the rigging, feel the waves underneath and smell the sea air, it doesn't matter if your boat costs \$100 or \$100,000." Fifteen years ago he bought a sailing book and a Boomerang, the cheapest dinghy at the store Van Atta had just opened. He named it, Hesperus, because he broke everything on it.

"Tom would say, 'What'd you break now?' At first I didn't know and I'd describe the part. Then I just took the parts in and he'd tell me what I'd broken. Mast. Boom. I broke so many dagger boards I bought a piece of marine plywood so I could make my own.

Despite Van Atta's warning of "Boatitis" (buying bigger and bigger boats that eventually get too big to sail easily and often), Borg yearned for a bigger boat. Not just bigger, but a boat with a clipper bow that looked like it was 100 years old from the waterline up. He started his search in 1978. The boat he wanted hadn't been built, so after two years of searching, he commissioned a naval architect in California to design her. Borg has worked for eight years on his boat, paying exquisite attention to detail. The work has gone slowly, as a labor of love often does, but now she's ninety percent finished and has a name.

"I got her name from the French," says Borg. Mapetitaime translates to "my little friend," but there's another meaning. "It means 'mistress,'" says Borg. "Feels right."

The senior Victor Borg, seventy-five, a native of the island of Malta, says that for over a decade his son begged him to go sailing with him in Mexico. Year after year the elder Borg refused.

"One day I surprised my son," says Borg, a wiry man, of immense vitality. "'You need a mate?' I said.

'OK. I'll go with you." When they stood on the beach at San Carlos, Borg looked around and said, "Do you mean this has been

here all this time? This is like Malta! "For two days Victor taught me the language of the sea," says the man who speaks four languagesthe difference between "sheet" and "halyard," "port" and "starboard," "bow" and "beam."

"We practiced tacking, tacking, tacking [turning]. I loved it!" He proved to be a naturally good sailor and his enthusiasm is infectious. He opens his arms wide. "Imagine a sparkling bay full of boats. Fifty, maybe fifty-five beautiful sailboats. The beginning of the race is marked with the pilot and a buoy, the starting line between the two.

"There's only room for a dozen boats so everyody is maneuvering, maneuvering." He makes circles with his hands. "Five minutes! Three! Two minutes! Everyone synchronizes their clocks. It's very exciting. One minute! Everyone gets as close to the starting line as possible. The balloon goes up at ten

seconds and then the gun goes off! "Now we are underway. We sail all day. You are busy, but not too busy. You are noticing, noticing everything. The clouds, the porpoises that come to play. Each puff of wind. The waves." He holds up a hand and exclaims, "You are relaxed, but alert!"

Excitement shines from the grandfather's eyes. "I like the ending best. You give it everything you have. You pray. You cuss. You go as fast as you possibly can. Ahhhhhh," he says, breathing deeply, as though once again he feels the sea mist on his face and sees the sails capture the wind.



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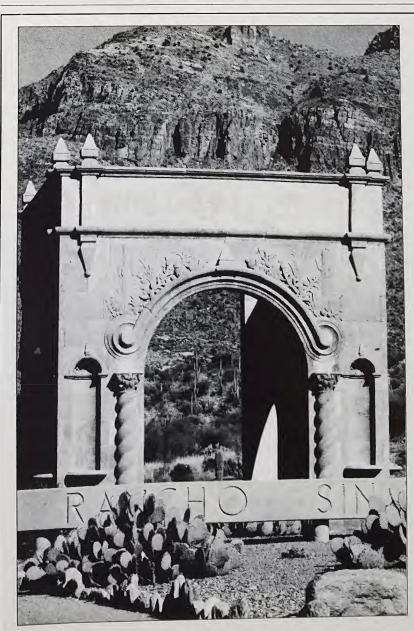
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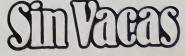
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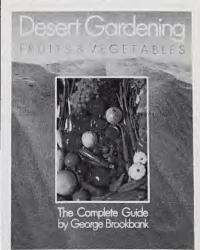


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David Britton Danzanati, thirty-nine, an Arizona native who lives in Tucson, smiles easily and speaks confidently of the future

because he has a dream. "We need to have another ship named Arizona," says Danzanati. "But this time she'll be a tall ship, a sailing ship." His voice warms to the sweet dream. "The Tall Ship Arizona will be used to train our young people. They'll sail her all over the world to help promote trade and busi-

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ness with our state.

"I envision the Tall Ship Arizona as a diplomatic, ambassador-like, trade vessel used to promote Arizona's products," says Danzanati. Instead of trying to pull big manufacturers into our state, the Arizona will visit ports to spark interest in what we already have. The state's large industries and its small businesses will have an opportunity to show products for export. The tall ship can help promote our homemade chili sauces and Indian rugs as well as our electronics products.

"I was stationed in Pearl Harbor when I was in the Navy," he says, "and every day I'd go out to the U.S.S. Arizona Memorial. I don't know, I just couldn't stay away. I was profoundly moved by it. It seemed so sad. I wanted a way to refloat the spirit of Arizona."

"Better go for it," he decided, "or you'll be sorry the rest of your life." His wife agreed. Together they formed The Tall Ship Arizona, Inc., a non-profit company to be run along the lines of a foundation offering membership to one and all who'd like to see The Arizona sail.

She'll go wherever the tall ships go. The Orient. The Galapagos. She'll salute Miss Liberty in New York Harbor on the Fourth of July. As Danzanati sees it, young men and women from the communities all over Arizona will have a chance to be trained in piloting, navigation and seamanship. They can study marine biology, ecology and marine photography."

The Adventure. built in 1926 in Gloucester, Massachusetts, represents the sort of ship Dananati has in mind. She is 121 feet long and measures 25 feet across the beam. Capable of carrying thirty-seven passengers and crew, she's the

last of her kind—until now. "We have the plans from stem to stern of that beautiful old schooner," he says. She'll be made of as many Arizona products as possible. "We can sheath her hull with our copper," says the captain, "and use mesquite in her interior. We have great technicians and craftspeople. Her sails could be sewn up on school gymnasium floors throughout the state." She will be built in San Diego, where the Coast Guard will

continually inspect every inch of her. "We can start laying the keel when we have about \$500,000," says Danzanati. "The Arizona will cost between \$10 and \$12 million to build. Built to last over a hundred years."

Danzanati's talking about a tall ship to represent a desert state, and people aren't scoffing. Maybe they're too stunned to question the idea. Maybe they're dazed by the vision of Governor Rose Mofford standing on the deck, welcoming foreign delegates aboard. Or maybe they don't scoff because they too want the dream of the Tall Ship Arizona.

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am Lena may one day find himself humming that old political tune: "I get by, with a little help from my friends....'

When longtime supervisor Lena left the Pima County Board earlier this year to run Gov. Rose Mofford's Tucson office, he had a campaign arsenal of about \$89,000 stashed in the bank. Lena collected much of that wad for his 1984 re-election, when its mere presence helped to ward off any campaign opposition and gave him a free ride. But if Lena had opted to run again this fall, political rival Luis Gonzales reportedly vowed: "I'm going to make you spend your money, Sam." Instead, Lena agreed to help his old friend Mofford by leaving for the relative serenity of politics by appointment ("I saw him the other day, and he just looks great," notes Raul Grijalva).

And now that it is "very remote" in his own estimation that Lena will seek elective office again, the money is his to use almost any way he pleases.

"It's still sitting there," Lena said recently. "I don't know what my future is, even though I'm getting pretty old. I'm just going to leave it there until I decide to really retire, and then I'll consult an attorney and decide what to do with it.'

He listed some options: "Give some to the Democratic Party or congressional candidates, pay [income] taxes on it and keep it myself, or give it to charity."

Any of which would be just fine under Arizona law, confirmed David Dingeldine of the County Attorney's Office. The statutes say surplus collections of a campaign committee or candidate may be retained for a subsequent political campaign, returned to contributors to the extent records make that possible, donated to charitable

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A \$90,000 ARSENAL AND NO WAR?

BY NORMA COILE

didates, or—in the catch-all clause used "in any other lawful manner."

State Rep. Reid Ewing, the activist who worked with Common Cause to pass a statewide "campaign finance reform" initiative in 1986, says they left that giant loophole intact for a very pragmatic reason: "The legislators were hostile, and had we tried to amend anything in current law, they could have sidetracked us by amending the section we were amending. We were operating on the premise that we would make new law, and leave existing law alone." Legislators hold dear that catch-all clause for surpluses, he

Nonetheless, Ewing believes that the best ethical choice for any retiring politician would be to return campaign surpluses to contributors on a pro rata basis, or to donate to a political or charitable cause. "That's a judgment each of us has to make," Fwing said.

'Sam's a shrewd one," says Gonzales, who is running against fellow Democrats Dan Eckstrom and Mike Martin for Lena's old seat. "And I say that with some admiration for the old man."

The Estes Company, with its huge tract of land next door to Saguaro Monument East, was undoubtedly unhappy when State Sen. Jeff Hill—the

organizations, political parties or can-very conservative, pro-business Republican, mind you-proposed a twenty-five-year moratorium on rezonings for a full three miles around the

But if so, Estes sure didn't help itself by subsequently starting a subdivision—"rape and pillage," the senator calls it—just one street over from Hill's own home, which is within the third mile from the monument. Unless the city agrees to put in a median, Estes' Bonanza project "will dump traffic down my street," complains Hill, who has lived in his East Side house for thir-

"I'm not too enamored of them," he says of Estes. "I was already outraged on a couple of projects, and that just convinced me.'

Hill's "buffer zone" moratorium which he recommended after polling his constituents on the issue—died in the legislature a couple of years ago. But he's still trying, tickling neighborhood activists in the process. "I dropped Wanda Shattuck's buffer version onto the air quality bill" that was a top legislative priority this last session, he notes with a chuckle. "Everyone went crazy. They took it off in conference committee."

If Hill has startled some folks, it was similarly surprising when the Arizona Republic-venerable chronicler of fast-growth waves-ran this front-

page, Sunday headline on June 5: "California's 'slow-growth' wave soon could spread to Phoenix."

The story quoted Rob Melnick, director of the Morrison Institute for Public Policy at Arizona State University, as predicting Southern California's movement will expand to Arizona. And the newspaper itself suggested that preliminary conclusions of a ninemonth Morrison Institute study commissioned by the Arizona Legislature "bear that out."

Here is one of those preliminary conclusions: "Although Arizona is a relatively new state and has not yet suffered permanent damage from its rapid growth, failure to act on growth issues will have very serious consequences. Inaction, or lack of comprehensive approaches for dealing with growth, will likely result in an indelible reputation as a state that has among the worst air quality and metro traffic congestion in the nation, has continual warfare over water supplies, and has become less attractive to new business development, among other things."

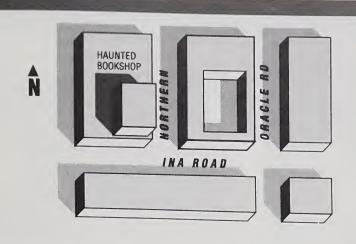
Ahh. Those last few words explain a lot about the Republic's recent interest. (Should catch some attention in post-IBM Tucson, too.)

Meanwhile, the attempt by some Orange County residents to prohibit developers from building in unincorporated areas (unless they guaranteed that traffic, flooding and emergency response times would not worsen) was defeated at the ballot-box in June. Tucson rabble-rouser and Californiawatcher Emil Franzi offers a telling explanation for the defeat: "They (slowgrowthers) were trying to get a 'yes.' It's always easier to get a 'no' vote."

Some Tucson developers actually were hoping the thing would pass, sending new home-buyers to Arizona.









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BOOKS

RUGS, WILD PIGS, AND THE WAY WE ARE

She lives near Tucson, she writes about us, and she's real good.

BY CHARLES BOWDEN



he title of Susan Lowell's Ganado Red comes from a blanket; the tales come mainly from the people and ground of the Southwest. This first book by a writer of short stories who lives on a ranch under Baboquivari Peak-eight short stories and a novella—announces the arrival of a fine new voice for the work of sorting out the changes in this battered landscape. The stories aren't perfect, but they're all good and some make a long march past good to excellent. If you live here, they feel right. Lowell tackles small moments in the big landscape and deep sense of time that dominate this region. Many brush up against the differences between the West and the East, a sense of otherness that eludes precise statement but is unmistakable to anyone who has lived in both places. The stories, while at times anchored in the traditional props of the region such as Indians, ranchers and wild animals, do not blink at the sight of modern, crushingly ugly cities.

The book, Ganado Red (Minneapolis: Milkweed Editions, 1988, 149 pp., \$9.95 paperback), opens with "White Canyon," which quickly trashes some traditional customs concerning how to talk about the great canyons of the Colorado Plateau—the stock scenery of our national parks and Monument Valley. A woman remembers awakening as a child and seeing two dead deer hanging from a juniper limb out the trailer window. This rustic scene is, well, imploded by the fact the child's father is a geologist seeking uranium and the camp where she awakens takes a periodic bath in fallout from the nuclear tests in neighboring Nevada. The woman recalling this moment lies in a hospital bed with a white canyon in her skull where modern medicine has mined a brain tumor. She wants to know what, if anything, in her life has caused her body to mutiny and try to kill itself. "I went into surgery as to a bridegroom, washed and exalted," the woman notes in a line not likely to

occur to a man.

"The Kill" considers a young college student at Princeton—which Lowell attended—trying to find a floor in a world that is alien, a place where the deer are protected as pets and ornaments instead of seen as venison. "He used to imagine 'back East' as a larger place than this. Now he wonders where the sky has gone, why the colors seem fogged, and how these people have lived for so long with their elbows in each other's faces...." There is a nice sketch of the exiled southern writer/ professor hamming it up for the preppy students and acting bad to prove he's not an eastern wimp. When the student shows up with the leg of a slaughtered deer, the hoof delicately attached, the charade ends.

Some stories, like "Lavinia Peace," contain a wonderful unexpectedness. Two sisters in Tucson go over the diaries, letters and pictures of their grandmother, who settled at a Hopi trading post around the turn of the century. In their examination of the photographs

Now more apartments were going up,

The book's title comes from a novella, "Ganado Red," which takes up almost half the small volume. In Lowell's fiction there is a recurring theme of women experiencing almost deferred lives as they bury themselves in the iron discipline of childrearing or their husbands' and lovers' lives. It is not so much a bitter note as an observation—the woman who marries, takes a library job in Tucson, and never escapes; the ranch woman who dreams of the house in town where she will have ease and sit around reading romance novels; the spinster, buried by uppermiddle-class mores, who remembers the touch of her Italian lover. In "Ganado Red," the story of the various owners of a rug, about the only woman seemingly content with her lot is the Navajo weaver herself. The tale begins in 1920 at the Hubbell Trading Post on the reservation and ends in the '80s in what seems to be Barrio Historico and

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She has a reticence, a talent for telling just enough about a person and then moving on, that gives her writing real power. The desperation of her characters is not so much displayed as observed.

and odd paragraphs they rekindle old tensions between themselves. Anyone who has been raised here will instantly recognize the ferocity in the words of the one sister who left "the stinking desert" years earlier for the greater world. Now she is back, a bit worn but still unbowed.

The penetration of cities like Tucson into the land is a given in Lowell's geography. No ranch house, no byway, is far enough away to escape the noise of modern life. In "Wild Pigs" fleeting glimpses of a herd of javelina serve to record the changes in the city as the wild world is squeezed out by the cement and the magic buried under straight streets.

The Yorks sold the land long ago and naively, for little money. In the 1950s they built a second house, and the city grew around them. Traffic drilled along the four-lane road that now formed their eastern property line; the sun set behind the Pizza Inn to the west. From the top of the slope Mr. York tabulated the substances that that he could see: rocks, dirt, vegetation, and the perfect curve of the sky. Wood. Brick. Stucco. Tile. Steel. Glass. Plastic. Asphalt.

The original homestead was buried under three-story apartment buildings.

Armory Park. The device is an old one, but Lowell makes it work. She has a reticence, a talent for telling just enough about a person and then moving on, that gives her writing real power at times. The desperation of her characters is not so much displayed as observed in small, telling gestures.

Apparently, these stories were written over the years without any clear notion of them constituting a book. They're a great opening note for whatever else is going to come from

As I move around this city scrambling to make a buck and not be slaughtered by some dolt driving the wrong way on Speedway's reversible lane, I'll take some comfort in the thought that she's out under Baboquivari cooking up a book. I'll sure as hell read it. According to the publisher's press release, Lowell wrote these stories in random moments stolen from her domestic chores and the care of her two children. There's a whiff of this world in the book: "At a distance, her children were fighting. Shrieks were followed by thumps, then loud weeping. She heard her husband's deep voice and wondered if she should intervene, but silence fell without her."

Well, as a grateful reader, I hope the kids take long, quiet naps.

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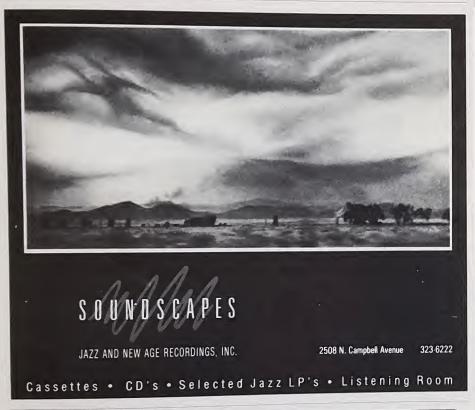
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LOCAL CUSTOM

EL TEJANO

He robbed stages, put his horseshoes on backwards, stashed his cash, and was betrayed by a woman.

BY JIM GRIFFITH

here's one thing summer weather is just right for—sitting outside at night and talking. Talking about all sorts of things. Setting the world straight, remembering funny stuff that took place a while back. And retelling some of the old stories. One I've heard a lot concerns a highly successful local stage robber known as El Tejano. I haven't heard any other name for him, and precious little background information either, save the state of origin implied by his name. And it isn't much use looking for him in the published histories, because he just isn't there, although some scholars have suggested documented robbers whose careers might form the basis of his legends one William Brazelton, for instance. But all that has little to do with the fact that stories about El Tejano have been told and believed and passed on for over a half-century in the lower Santa Cruz Valley. That's enough for me.

El Tejano, according to legend, robbed stages in the days when Tucson was a small Mexican town and Anglos-even Texans-were something of a novelty. (One account has him robbing the rich in Arizona and giving the proceeds to the poor in Texas. Now there's a lovely touch!) He was so successful that it became apparent that he had some kind of inside information. He only stopped those stages that were carrying large sums of money. According to some, he put the shoes on his horse backwards so his pursuers chased after him in the wrong direction. (I find this a bit steep, even for Pima County. And that detail has attached itself to many stories of pursuit over the years.)

According to some versions of the legend, he was betrayed by a woman. My favorite story of his betrayal comes from an elderly friend in Marana. It was suspected that El Tejano had inside information, and in fact, a certain employee of the stage company was under suspicion of being the robber himself, but nothing was proven until the company hired a particularly sharp detective from California. This man arrived at the stage stop in Picacho, went up to the suspect's wife, who was working behind the counter, and inquired after her husband. "He isn't here, but he'll be back in a while," she replied.

"Oh yes, of course," said the detective. "I should have remembered. I just saw him in Phoenix. He sure was having a great time gambling and entertaining the ladies."

"Why that so-and-so!" exclaimed the woman. "He told me he was going to rob a stage!"

Oops!

However El Tejano was finally identified, all accounts I have found agree that he was never captured. He was killed, some say with a shotgun, on el cerro del gato—Cat Mountain in the Tucson Mountains, just north of present-day Ajo Way. Some accounts have his body brought into town and displayed on the steps of the courthouse.

The story doesn't stop there. He has been seen ever since, some insist, riding his horse. Or heard leading the horse down to water in the Santa Cruz River, jingling his big-rowelled spurs as he went. Down near Sasabe he is said to be dressed all in black. Over by Picacho Peak he gallops along in a charro outfit, his horse's hooves not touching the ground. Most particularly is he seen if you get near his treasure.

For he buried his ill-gotten gains, many say in a cave in the Tucson Mountains. There is gold for the taking, gold enough to make a person rich for life. But there's one little catch. Even if you find the cave and its treasure, you still have *El Tejano* to cope with. You can hear him coming by the cracking of his big whip. But many versions give the following account of what happens to anyone who finds *El Tejano*'s gold.

Say you have crawled into a hole in the ground, a hole that widens out into a chamber. At the far end of the chamber you detect shapes—shapes that reveal themselves as saddlebags and chests filled with gold. As you dip your hand into the treasure, you hear a voice, saying "Todo o nada" — "Everything or nothing." It is El Tejano himself, of course, guarding his treasure. You might wonder what it means. Perhaps you fill your pockets with coins and turn around to the entrance. And the entrance isn't there. Not until you empty all your pockets can you find a way out of the cave. When at last you find yourself outside, empty-handed, and rush to bring up your burros, wagon, 4X4, or whatever, you can never find the entrance again. El Tejano

has successfully protected his own.

Those who have that experience are the lucky ones. A friend from Oquitoa told me of a man he knew of who wasn't that lucky. He had left roundup camp to ride into the mountains, and had returned in the evening, very excited but remarking that there had been a man following him. Next morning he woke with a high fever. He kept telling his son to hitch up the

everything—the mysterious follower, the promise of riches, the fever and sudden death—became clear. The father had found El Tejano's gold and had tried to make off with a piece.

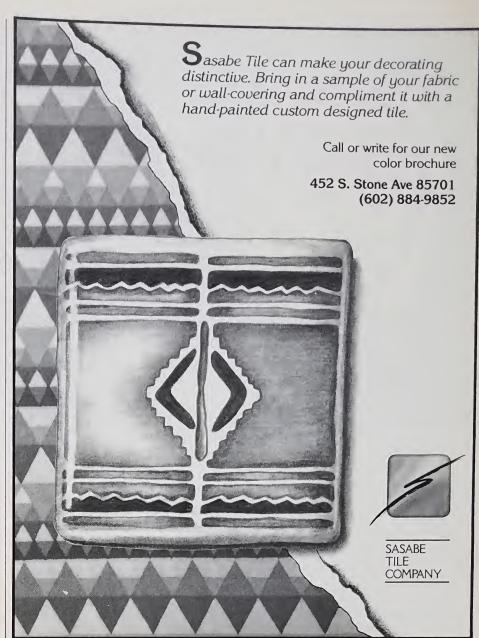
The wonderful thing about legends in a living tradition is that there is no "correct" version. I never know what I will hear the next time I sit down with someone and ask about El Tejano. I do know that listening to these narratives

The wonderful thing about legends in a living tradition is that there is no "correct" version. I never know what I will hear the next time I sit down with someone and ask about El Tejano.

wagon, that they were all on the threshold of tremendous wealth. The son thought it was the fever talking, and humored him by telling him that they would go as soon as the sickness passed. It didn't, and the father died a few days later. When the son was cleaning his father's riding gear, after the old man's death, he found a gold piece stuck up under the saddle skirts. Then

about a man one folklorist called "the bandit who never was" brings me closer to a Tucson that indeed was, and still is, if one allows oneself to notice it. And it's a pretty fine place, warm weather and all.

Jim Griffith is the director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Ari-



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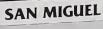
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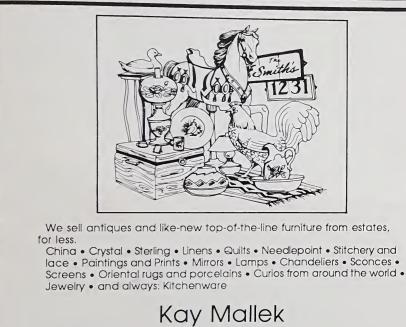
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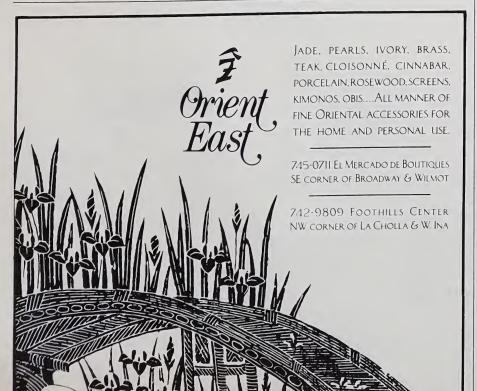


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Coyote and Mesquite keep their deal

BY BYRD BAYLOR

hey were shooting coyotes from helicopters out at Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge, and I thought at least one person who loves coyotes ought to be there too.

I told them I wanted to come as an observer, a reporter. Actually, I was there on behalf of coyotes, not City Magazine. I kept hoping that somehow I'd be able to save at least one. But, of course, that didn't happen. The human predators had the shotguns and the helicopter and the power, so coyotes died and I observed the "aerial control program" in operation.

Driving the Sasabe Road from Three Points at dawn, I saw two large, smart coyotes running toward Baboquivari-not trotting, running. I yelled out, "Keep going. You can make

As I turned up the road to the refuge, I could hear the helicopter already in the air. Since I was early for my 6 a.m. appointment, I stopped my car and stood there listening. You hear not only the faraway drone of the helicopter and an occasional gunshot, but also a siren. I found out later that the people on the ground turn on the sirens knowing that coyotes, like dogs and wolves, will howl instinctively when the siren sounds. That howl gives their hiding place away, and the helicopter can be directed toward it.

This 120,000-acre refuge was established to reintroduce the masked bobwhite into Sonoran grasslands, but they aren't killing coyotes to protect the quail. They're doing it to protect antelope and antelope fawns.

It seems the Arizona Game and Fish Department traded some Arizona bighorn sheep to Texas for eighty-six antelope from somewhere near Fort Stockton, Texas. On the Fort Stockton ranch, people have been killing every virtually none around, and these antelope have no knowledge of natural predators. Maybe they should not have been brought to the Sasabe area in the first place.

Wayne Shifflett, manager of the refuge, is a bird-watcher, not a hunter. He says he well understands the predator and prey relationship, that he believes in the natural balance, and that when he has a better-adapted herd, this kind of control will not be necessary.

But in the meantime, they have lost a lot of antelope and right now they are killing every coyote they see.

In January and February, they invited in the varmint-callers, who killed seventeen coyotes. In early April, the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Animal Damage Control Department, shooting from helicopters, killed thirtynine. From December through April, the staff killed sixty-seven and a fur trapper was allowed in. He got five. And now this ADC hunt, in fifteen hours of flying time, would kill another nineteen. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which operates Buenos Aires, has paid about \$10,000 this year for aerial control, and the Game and Fish Department has put up the rest, about \$7,000.

My 6 a.m. appointment was with Reese Madsen, assistant manager. I'm sure this man had things he'd rather do that morning than drive around with a sad coyote lover who kept asking questions like what happens to the newborn coyote pups in the den when both parents are shot? Do they starve to death? Aren't you just raising antelope so hunters can come in and kill them anyway? (The refuge is already open to deer and javelina hunters.)

Still, he offered to take me in his four-wheel-drive vehicle to see the helicopter at closer range. We drove back and forth through that beautiful country for three hours, never getting close enough to let me see the coyotes they shot, but close enough that with binoculars I could see the shotguns ready at the left rear and right front seats of the helicopter.

Madsen told me it was much harder for the ADC aerial hunters to find coyotes now than it was in early April, when the mesquites were bare. Now they have leafed out and coyotes have plenty of cover.

That seemed like the best thing I'd coyote in sight for so long that there are heard all day. Besides, it is fitting that mesquite trees should be of some help to coyotes here in sight of Baboquivari because, as the Tohono O'odham can tell you, it was Coyote who found the first mesquite tree and brought those sweet, ripe beans to the people. As l remember the story, it ended at the foot of Baboquivari where the greedy one who had been hoarding the mesquite beans gave up chasing Coyote. That's why the trees are here to shelter him today. I felt better knowing that though I couldn't save any coyotes myself, the trees saved quite a few.

After about three hours, I couldn't stand being an observer any longer. I didn't want to hear another shotgun blast. I wanted to go sit under a mesquite tree outside the Buenos Aires fence and look at the mountain awhile.

Jended up visiting in Sasabe, too. The rumor there (and I got this from three different people) is that a number of those missing antelope have wandered across the border into Mexico and become tasty meals for needy Sonorans, a welcome form of U.S. foreign aid. Could it be that once again, Coyote is getting more than his share of the blame?

The people at Buenos Aires say not. They know mountain lions have killed a few of the antelope, but they insist antelope could not possibly jump the five-strand barbed wire fence two miles from the border. They know some of them have wandered out of the refuge and have been seen around Arivaca Lake. Then why couldn't they cross the border nearer Arivaca? They say because antelope like grassy flats and they would be going into rough mountains. They think the people in Sasabe are just talking...

Meanwhile the national board of directors for Defenders of Wildlife addressed the coyote control program. At their annual meeting in Washington, D.C., the following recommendation was passed unanimously by both the program policy committee and the board:

"Defenders of Wildlife opposes the non-selective aerial shooting of coyotes scheduled to begin May 17, 1988, in the Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge, Arizona. Defenders shall contact the Arizona State Game and Fish Commission, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service expressing its opposition to this practice on a national wildlife refuge. Defenders of Wildlife opposes aerial shooting of predators in national wildlife refuges except in cases where selective control is necessary for the protection of threatened or endangered species."

Clearly, antelope are not a threatened or endangered species. I asked whether this recommendation from a highly respected organization might cause a change in policy at Buenos

Shifflett said he did not feel it applied to them because their aerial shooting is selective, not non-selective. How is it selective? He says because they own 120,000 acres and they are using aerial control on only 60,000 of those acres. That's where the antelope roam.

Byrd Baylor has written several awardwinning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, Yes Is Better Than No.



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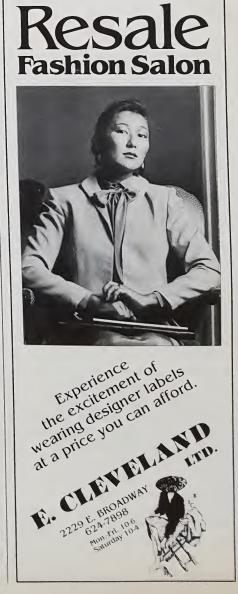
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Bunny Badertscher

Vera Marie "Bunny" Badertscher ran U.S. Rep. Jim Kolbe's congressional campaigns and is the administrative assistant in charge of his Tucson office, which handles some 5,000 constituent requests a year. She also has acted and directed for the Invisible Theatre, with her most recent role coming two seasons ago in "Seascape," and her proudest being her portrayal of Emily Dickinson in a one-woman show.

On the June morning we talked with her, she was in the middle of a sentence about the value of escapist entertainment when an urgent phone call came in from the congressman in Washington: IBM was yanking 2,800 jobs from Tucson. Badertscher switched gears expertly.

I have all these different hats I wear. My educational background is theater; I started the Children's Theatre Company up in Scottsdale. The way I got involved in politics is the ordinary, everyday-citizen way: I had small children, I was concerned about things like schools and libraries, I got on citizens' committees, I passed petitions, and one thing another and I started supporting candidates.

I'd heard about the Invisible Theatre before I came to Tucson, because I've always been attracted to the experimental, cutting-edge kind of adventuresome theater. Are people surprised by that, since I'm a Republican in conservative politicsopposite sides of the coin, kind of? I don't think so. There are people who say, "I don't like to take chances on that kind of theater. Why don't you do Neil Simon, why don't you do comedies?" Well, I love that kind of theater, but to me that is like Disneyland. And it's fun to go to Disneyland once in

spend several weeks there. If you're going to spend your life somewhere, you want to spend it where there's excitement and challenge and some new ideas. I like theater that leaves the audience discussing the play when they leave; that isn't all wrapped up and tied with a tidy little ribbon.

There are a lot of similarities between theater and politics that I see from an insider's view. A political campaign is similar to putting a theatrical production on, in several ways. It takes a certain number of weeks or months, it is extremely intense in that short time-period, and it comes to an abrupt end. In either case, you never know for sure, even when you do your very best work, whether you're going to please the audience—not until you open the play, or until the vote's been counted. Another way it's similar is you draw a group of people together who become intensely attached to each other. They're very goal-oriented, they are very emotionally committed to each other, a team. Theater is always collaborative, just as politics is. Even in my one-woman show, there had to be a director, a producer, a costumer, a lighter, a set person.

Now, I know when I say to someone, "Well, my qualifications for being a political campaign manager and consultant are that I have a master's degree in theater," they always laugh and say, "Well, of course, politics and theater are the same thing." I don't think they mean the same thing I do. I think what they're saying may be a little derogatory, a little cynical—that politics is just an acting job, that it's not quite real, that it is illusion. In politics, per-

a while and spend a day there, but you don't want to ception is truth, so if people have the perception that politics is blue smoke and mirrors, then it's blue smoke and mirrors. All you can do is try to change that image, to hack away at it in whatever way you can. It's a way of people bringing their elected officials down to size, of denying that they're important. And it's important that politicians always be kept down to size, as real people like everybody else. So I can't get upset with people when they say that.

People say, "How can you work all day"—because I work very long hours—"and then go to rehearsals every night for six weeks?" And the truth of the matter is I'm in better physical condition and I feel better and more rested when I'm doing that. I think all of us have something in us that needs to do something creative once in a while. And after a certain amount of time being away from acting, it just builds up in me, and I need to feel my soul. I need to get back in the theater, I need to concentrate on this internal analysis that you have to do as an actor, to communicate with an audience on an emotional level. In acting you talk a lot about being "centered," which is a mental, emotional technique that is like meditation. It is the type of thing we all need to do in order to avoid stress, and that we don't do, just like we don't always do as much physical exercise as we should. So I can go through the rehearsal and just feel wonderful when I'm done, and get up the next morning and come back to my job renewed and ready to tackle that other world.

I think it's good to have some opposites in your life, to play off against each other.

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